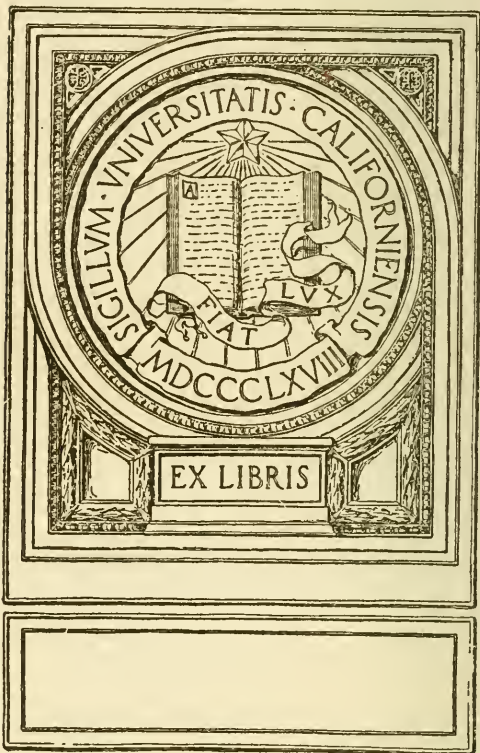


FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

FIVE - MINUTE
READINGS

FOBES

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES





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FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

FIVE-MINUTE

READINGS

SELECTED AND ADAPTED

BY WALTER K. FOBES

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION, AUTHOR OF "ELOCUTION
SIMPLIFIED," "FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS,"
AND "FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS."

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PREFACE.

THE very favorable reception given to "Five-Minute Declamations" and "Five-Minute Recitations," justifies the issue of this volume, uniform in style and price with the above mentioned.

As indicated by the title, the selections are intended to take five minutes or less in delivery, and they have in some cases been abridged for that purpose. In all such cases the selection is marked "*abridged*"; if some few words have been changed, it is marked "*adapted*"; if an almost entire change has been made, and this only in anonymous prose selections, it is marked "*rewritten*"; but in no case has the story been changed, as whatever has been done to it was solely with the idea of condensing. Trusting that all liberties taken will be pardoned, it is hoped that this book will please those for whom it is intended as well as the others have.

48 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Abram and Zimri. <i>Cook</i>	102
Agnes Hotot. <i>Fobes</i>	68
Angels of Buena Vista, The. <i>Whittier</i>	163
Ave Maria. <i>Austin</i>	23
Await the Issue. <i>Carlyle</i>	137
Babie Bell. <i>Aldrich</i>	151
Ballad of the Shamrock, The. <i>O'Brien</i>	15
Better than Diamonds	130
Betty Zane. <i>English</i>	74
Bobolink, The. <i>Hill</i>	48
Bridal of Malahide, The. <i>Griffin</i>	96
Bunker Hill, The Battle of. <i>Holmes</i>	159
Child and the Flowers, The	12
Christmas Sheaf, The. <i>Carey</i>	115
Daughter's Love and Heroism, A. <i>Fobes</i>	6
Death of the Flowers, The. <i>Bryant</i>	182
Dr. Marigold and his Dumb Girl. <i>Dickens</i>	35
Doves at Mendon, The. <i>Dorr</i>	5
Down the Track. <i>Thorpe</i>	146
Eagle's Rock, The	52
Embarkation, The. <i>Doten</i>	17
Fairies of Caldon Low, The. <i>Mary B. Howitt</i>	80
Faithful Soul, The Story of the. <i>Adelaide Procter</i>	175
Gambler's Wife, The. <i>Coates</i>	150
Gray Forest Eagle, The. <i>Street</i>	104
Handful of Wool, A	50
Handsome is that Handsome does. <i>Whittier</i>	173

	PAGE
Happy World, A. <i>Paley</i>	100
Healing the Daughter of Jairus, The. <i>Willis</i>	139
Hebrew Mother, The. <i>Hemans</i>	64
High Tide, The	76
Hilda Spinning	157
Horseback Ride, The. <i>Greenwood</i>	41
Humming-Bird, The. <i>St. John</i>	62
Idle Words. <i>Peabody</i>	21
If I were a Voice. <i>Mackay</i>	147
In a Hundred Years	34
Inchcape Rock, The. <i>Southey</i>	183
Jamie	93
Jessie Brown at Lucknow. <i>Vandenhoff</i>	32
Joan of Arc	87
Joan of Arc's Farewell to Home. <i>Schiller</i>	89
June. <i>Lowell</i>	123
Kate Shelly. <i>Hall</i>	90
King Lear. <i>Old Ballad</i>	38
Labor. <i>Osgood</i>	73
Langley Lane. <i>Buchanan</i>	184
Legend of the Organ Builder, The. <i>Dorr</i>	132
Letting the Old Cat die. <i>Dodge</i>	189
Little Bell. <i>Westwood</i>	136
Little Benny	154
Little Christel. <i>Rands</i>	42
Little Eloise. <i>Fletcher</i>	118
Little Golden-Hair. <i>Carleton</i>	171
Little Gottlieb. <i>Carey</i>	98
Little Jew. <i>Craik</i>	19
Little Maud.	60
Love lightens Labor	84
Mad Luce	169
Maggie and Thomas à Kempis. <i>Eliot</i>	56
Maggie cuts her Hair. <i>Eliot</i>	26
Maggie cuts her Hair (<i>Concluded</i>). <i>Eliot</i>	29
March. <i>Woolson</i>	25
Marguerite of France. <i>Hemans</i>	108
Mother and Poet. <i>Browning</i>	70
Morning among the Hills. <i>Percival</i>	67

	PAGE
Old Clock on the Stairs, The. <i>Longfellow</i>	166
On the Other Train	111
Over the River. <i>Wakefield</i>	129
Paul Venarez	180
Pipes of Lucknow, The. <i>Whittier</i>	127
Pleasant Days of Old, The. <i>Brown</i>	110
Pledge with Wine	125
Queen Catherine to the King, etc. <i>Shakspere</i>	58
Reading Well, The Art of. <i>Ellis</i>	1
Return of the Dead, The. <i>Edna D. Proctor</i>	47
Return of the Swallows, The. <i>Gosse</i>	85
Robber, The	178
Robert of Lincoln. <i>Bryant</i>	142
Rock of Ages. <i>Stanton</i>	3
Sandalphon. <i>Longfellow</i>	134
Single Head of Wheat, The. <i>Eldred</i>	78
Smiting the Rock	121
Susette. <i>Fobes</i>	143
Tale of Providence, A. <i>Pennypacker</i>	9
Telesilla	168
Tide at the Flood, The. <i>Craik</i>	44
Tight Lacing, Evils of. <i>Charlotte Elizabeth</i>	82
Two	148
Victims and Victimizers. <i>Craik</i>	155
Voices at the Throne, The. <i>Westwood</i>	190
Waiting by the Gate. <i>Bryant</i>	117
Water-Mill, The. <i>McCallum</i>	92
We are Seven. <i>Wordsworth</i>	54
When I am Old. <i>Briggs</i>	11
Wind in a Frolic, The. <i>Wm. Howitt</i>	177
Woman's Plea, A	161
Women of Mumbles Head, The. <i>Clement Scott</i>	186
Women of Sego, The. <i>Mungo Park</i>	106
Zenobia's Ambition. <i>Ware</i>	119

FIVE-MINUTE READINGS.

THE ART OF READING WELL.

MRS. ELLIS.

IF in our ideas of the fine arts we include all those embellishments of civilized life which combine in a high degree the gratification of a refined taste with the exercise of an enlightened intellect, then must reading aloud hold a prominent place among those arts which impart a charm to social intercourse, and purify the associations of ordinary life. But it must be good reading or the enjoyment is exchanged for unspeakable annoyance; not pompous or theatrical reading, but easy, familiar, and judicious reading; such reading as best conveys to the hearers the true meaning of the writer.

It certainly does appear strange that those who speak every day with the tone of right reason and the emphasis of truth should so pervert that beautiful instrument of music, — the human voice, — as to read aloud with any tone and emphasis but those which are right and true. Yet so it is, and many a youth now sent home from school or college after a costly, and what is called a “finished” education, is wholly incapable of reading so as not, at the same time, to disgrace himself and offend his hearers.

It is sometimes said that nothing can be easier than to read well, if persons understand what they

are reading; but where, then, are the good readers who find it so easy? or where, in other words, are the people of understanding? for certainly many of our readers would be utterly unable to understand themselves were not the sense of what they utter conveyed to their minds through the medium of sight. The art of reading, as it is too generally treated, would seem to consist in the mere recognition of verbal signs of ideas as they appear to us in their printed form; but it should never be forgotten that unless a right utterance is given to these signs they fail to represent ideas; they are mere words and nothing more.

When all the necessary requisites for a good reader are taken into account, we wonder not so much that this accomplishment is neglected as that it does not constitute, with all who look upon education in its true light, an important means of refining and elevating the mind, of cultivating the sympathies, and of improving those habits of perception and adaptation which are so valuable to all.

Reading aloud and reading well ought not to be considered as mere amusement. A good book well read is like the conversation of an intelligent friend, and ought to be treated with the same respect. It forms, in fact, a rallying point, around which different tempers, feelings, and constitutions can meet without discord. It tends to draw each mind out of its petty cares and perplexities and to meet with other minds on common ground, where a wider extent of interest, and often a nobler range of thought, have the effect of showing, by contrast, how trivial and unimportant are the things of self when compared with the great aggregate of human happiness and misery.

ROCK OF AGES.

F. L. STANTON.

(Adapted.)

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”
 Sang the lady, soft and low,
 And her voice’s gentle flow
 Rose upon the evening air
 With that soft and solemn prayer, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

Yet she sang, as oft she had
 When her heart was gay and glad;
 Sang, because she felt alone;
 Sang, because her soul had grown
 Weary with the tedious day;
 Sang, to while the hours away, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

Where the fitful gaslight falls
 On the chill and silent street,
 Where the light and shadows meet,
 There the lady’s voice was heard,
 As the breath of night was stirred
 With her tone so sweet and clear,
 Wafting up to God that prayer, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

Wandering homeless through the night,
 Praying for the morning light,
 Pale and haggard, wan and weak,
 With sunken eye and hollow cheek,
 Went a woman; one whose life
 Had been wrecked in sin and strife;
 One, — a lost and lonely child, —
 One by sin and shame defiled;

And her heart, with sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady when she sung, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

Pausing, low her head she bent,
And the music, as it went,
Pierced her blackened soul and brought
Back to her (as lost in thought,
Tremblingly she stood) the past;
And the burning tears fell fast
As she called to mind the days
When she walked in Virtue's ways;
When she sang that very song,
With no sense of sin and wrong, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

On the marble steps she knelt;
And her soul that instant felt
More than she could speak, as there,
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer.
And the God she had forgot,
Smiled upon her lonely lot,
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang so calmly there,
That her voice had pierced a soul
Living then 'neath sin's control.
Little knew, when she was done,
That a lost and erring one
Had returned to God again,
As she heard her breathe that strain, —
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!”

THE DOVES AT MENDON.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

"Coo! Coo! Coo!" says Arnè, calling the doves at Mendon;
Under the vine-clad porch she stands,
A gentle maiden with willing hands,
Dropping the grains of yellow corn;
Low and soft, like a mellow horn,
While the sunshine over her falls,
Over and over, she calls and calls,
"Coo! Coo! Coo" to the doves,—
The happy doves at Mendon!

"Coo! Coo! Coo!" says Arnè, calling the doves at Mendon;
With a rush and a whirl of shining wings,
They hear and obey—the dainty things!
Dun and purple, and snowy white,
Clouded gray, like the soft twilight,
Straight as an arrow shot from a bow,
Wheeling and circling high and low,
Down they fly from the slanting roof
Of the old red barn at Mendon.

"Coo! Coo! Coo!" says Arnè, calling the doves at Mendon;
Baby Alice, with wide blue eyes,
Watches them ever with new surprise;
While she and Wag on the mat together
Joy in the soft midsummer weather:
Hither and thither she sees them fly,
Gray and white on the azure sky,
Light and shadow against the green
Of the maple grove at Mendon.

"Coo! Coo! Coo!" says Arnè, calling the doves at Mendon;
Down they flutter with timid grace,
Lured by the voice and the tender face,
Till the evening air is all astir
With the happy strife and the eager whirl,
One by one, and two by two,
And then a rush through the ether blue,
While Arnè scatters the yellow corn
For the gentle doves at Mendon.

“Coo! Coo! Coo!” says Arnè, calling the doves at Mendon;
They hop on the porch where the baby sits,
They come and go as a shadow flits,
Now here, now there, while in and out
They crowd and jostle each other about;
Till one, grown bolder than all the rest,
A snow-white dove with an arching breast,
Softly lights on her outstretched hand
Under the vines at Mendon.

“Coo! Coo! Coo!” says Arnè, calling the doves at Mendon;
A sound, a motion, a flash of wings;
They are gone, like a dream of heavenly things;
The doves have flown, and the porch is still,
And the shadows gather on vale and hill.
Then sinks the sun, and the tremulous breeze
Stirs in the tremulous maple-trees;
While love and peace, as the night comes down,
Brood over quiet Mendon.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE AND HEROISM.

WALTER K. FOBES.

ALONE, in prison, and condemned to die, awaiting but the warrant signed by the king, a Scottish lord, rebellious, pressed wearily his head 'gainst the damp walls of his cell to cool his aching brow. The last night had come; his family and friends had all taken their sad farewell, and now had gone. All? No! One had not come — she, his beautiful, his best-beloved child, his eldest, fairest daughter! why had she tarried? Alas! he knew not, and now he mourned her absence.

But hark! he hears the door creak on its hinges, and turning, sees his jailer, followed by a tall and comely maiden with dark and flashing eyes and raven tresses. “Father!” she cries, and in a moment she — his favorite child — is clasped in his

fond arms. "My dearest girl," he murmurs, "must we part? No! no! it must not be!" — "My good and noble father, I come not now to take my last farewell. Yet there is hope." — "Brief must your meeting be," the jailer's voice breaks in upon their talking. "Alas! do not deceive yourself, my daughter; to-morrow I must die." — "But, father, will not my grandfather intercede successfully with the king and thus your life be spared?" — "Alas! alas! my dearest one, all hope is vain! He sends word, the warrant comes by the king's mail at midnight." — "Yet, father, there is hope; and though I now must say farewell, 't is not my last farewell!" — "Nay, daughter, nothing can prevent the sad event, and so farewell forever! May kind Heaven always bless and keep you!" — "Farewell, dear father, but not for the last time! There is hope! believe me, there is hope! Pray for me! Farewell!" Another fond embrace, and then the hinges creak; the prisoner is again alone, to spend the night in the cold gloom of his dungeon and await the doom the morn will bring to him.

'T is midnight. Outside the town, the road winds o'er a heath, barren and bleak, with here and there a clump of bushes spreading. Only the stars shine out and send their feeble light upon a horse and rider. 'T is the king's mail carrier; and now, with head bent down against the rising wind, he passes on his way. See! forth from that clump of bushes springs a manly form. The horse's head is seized, a pistol raised in air, and a clear voice of command rings out, "Dismount, or I fire!" The carrier resisting, down drops the pistol, and a firm, strong arm drags him from his horse. "Give me the mail!" 'T is yielded, and the robber, taking it, bids

the carrier, with stern voice, "Mount, and ride back the way you came!" 'Tis done; and the robber sinks from sight within the clump of bushes whence he came.

At dawn the prison officers received the news of the mail robbery, and though the town was roused, in vain they tried to trace the doer of the deed.

A fortnight passed; and then the king, after much urging, a pardon having granted, the prison doors were open thrown that the prisoner might be free to go to home and family and friends. And now we find him there, receiving their congratulations and good wishes. All are there, save one. She, his daughter, his favorite, again is absent. "Where can she be?" he asks himself, and then in midst of their rejoicings, comes the word, a young man demands of him a private audience. Unwillingly 'tis granted. Entering, the young man bowed, his face concealed beneath a wide-brimmed hat, and reaching forth a folded paper, said, "When you have read this put it in the fire." He took the paper, and behold! it was his death warrant. "And where," he cried, "where got you this? Are you the king's mail robber?" The young man bowed. "Who are you, pray? Let me know the name of my deliverer?" The young man bowed again, and, pulling off his hat, disclosed to the astonished father's gaze — the features of his best-beloved daughter! "My child! My savior! And to you I owe my life! A thousand blessings on my brave and noble girl!" — "I did but do my duty, father; God grant your life may long be spared to all of us!" and in each others' arms they wept for joy.

A TALE OF PROVIDENCE.

ISAAC W. PENNYPACKER.

(Abridged.)

THE tall green tree its shadow cast
Upon Howe's army that southward passed
From Gordon's ford to the Quaker town,
Intending in quarters to settle down
Till snows were gone and spring again
Should easier make a new campaign.
Beyond the fences that lined the way,
The fields of Captain Richardson lay;
His woodland and meadows reached far and wide
From the hills behind to the Schuylkill's side.
Across the stream, in the mountain gorge,
He could see the smoke of Valley Forge.

Master and man from home were gone,
And "Fearnaught" held the stables alone;
And Mistress Tacey her spirit showed
That morning the British came down the road;
She hid the silver, and drove the cows
To the island behind the willow boughs.
Was time too short? or did she forget
That Fearnaught stood in the stables yet?
Across the fields to the gate she ran
And followed the path, 'neath the grape arbor's span;
On the doorstep she paused and turned to see
The head of the line beneath the green tree.
The last straggler passed; the night came on,
And then, 't was discovered that Fearnaught was gone.
Sometime, somehow, from his stall he was led,
Where an old gray mare was left in his stead:
And Tacey must prove to her father that she
Had been prepared for th' emergency.

In the English camp, the reveille drum
Told th' sleeping troops that the dawn had come,
As Tacey stole from the sheltering wood
Across the wet grass, where the horse pound stood.
Hark! was it the twitter of frightened bird?
Or was it the challenge of sentry she heard?

She entered unseen, but her footsteps she stayed,
When the old gray horse, in the wood still, neighed ;
Half hid in the mist a shape loomed tall,
A steed that answered her well-known call.

With freedom beyond for the recompense,
She sprang to his back and leaped the fence.
Too late the alarm ! but Tacey heard,
As she sped away, how the camp was stirred, —
The stamping of horses, the shouts of men,
And the bugle's impatient call again.
Loudly and fast on the ridge road beat
The regular fall of Fearnaught's feet :
On his broad bare back, his rider's seat
Was as firm as the tread of the steed so fleet :
Small need of saddle, or bridle rein,
He answered as well her touch on his mane.

On, down the hill by the river shore,
Faster and faster she rode, than before.
Her bonnet fell back, her head was bare,
And the river breeze, that freed her hair,
Dispersed the fog : and she heard the shout
Of the troopers behind, when the sun came out.
To Tacey, the sky and the trees and the wind
Seemed all to rush toward her and follow behind ;
Her lips were set firm, and pale was her cheek,
As she dashed down the hill, and plunged through the creek
The tortoise-shell comb that she lost that day
The Wisahickon carried away.

On the other side, up the stony hill
The feet of Fearnaught went faster still :
But somewhat backward the troopers fell,
For the hill and the pace began to tell
On their horses, worn with a long campaign
O'er rugged mountains and weary plain.
She heard the foremost horseman call ;
She saw the horse stumble, the rider fall ;
She patted her steed and checked his pace
And leisurely rode the rest of the race.
When the " Seven Stars " sign on the horizon showed,
Behind, not a trooper was on the road.

Said the well-pleased captain, when he came home, —
“The steed shall be thine, and a new silver comb!
’T was a daring deed and bravely done!”
As proud of the praise, as the promise won,
The maiden stole from the house to feed
With a generous hand her gallant steed.
The years that are gone, in obscurity
Have enveloped the rider’s memory.
But in Providence still abide her race;
Brave youth with her spirit, fair maids with her grace
Undaunted they stand when fainter hearts flee,
Prepared, whatsoe’er th’ emergency.

WHEN I AM OLD.

CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

WHEN I am old — and oh, how soon
Will life’s sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon’s broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shaded in the solemn night!
Till like a story wellnigh told,
Will seem my life, — when I am old.

When I am old this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness not by right their own;
And spring’s sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms, — when I am old.

When I am old I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
’T will be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me not, — when I am old.

When I am old my friends will be
Old and infirm and bowed like me;
Or else, — their bodies ’neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God, —
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above the rest, — when I am old.

When I am old I'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth;
'T will be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me, — when I am old.

When I am old, — Oh ! how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far-distant shadowy time !
So distant that it seems o'erbold
Even to say — “ When I am old.”

When I am old ? perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from the haunts of men,
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound,
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead, — ere I am old.

Ere I am old ? that time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow ;
My limbs are firm and strong and free ;
Life hath a thousand charms for me ;
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart, — ere I am old.

Ere I am old, oh let me give
My life to learning how to live !
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart ;
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace, — when I am old.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

(Re-written and adapted.)

“ OH, please let me go ! my mother is sick in bed ;
I get the flowers for her, and if she should know how
I got them she would die. Oh, please let me go ! ”
The little ragged girl looked pleadingly into the face

of the gardener, her own face so full of truth that he was tempted to let her go. But remembering how often such tales were untrue, he said, "No; I must hand you over to the police."

It was in one of the public gardens of London, and the gardener had been watching for a fortnight in a vain effort to detect the person who dug up and carried off his early spring crocuses and snowdrops. He had noticed this patched and queerly dressed child of seven years enter the garden as soon as the gates were opened, and had watched her when she went away, but did not see that she took anything. On this morning he had followed her and saw her stop at one of the beds, take a piece of slate from her pocket and dig up some of the plants. She then took off her old-fashioned bonnet and, putting the flowers into the crown, tied it on again and was walking away when the gardener stopped her. He summoned the police. "Here, Rowley, take her to the magistrate. It's too bad to send up such a young and innocent-faced chick as that, but I'm afraid that face is a deceitful one."

When taken before the judge she told the same story, and an officer was sent to investigate her truth or falsity. The place was found, as the child had said, about two miles from the garden. The poor mother, sick with a lingering disease, was lying helpless on a miserable bed, and the room, though clean, betokened extreme poverty. There was no one else in the room when the officer entered, and as he was not in uniform she thought him a charitable visitor.

"Yes, that is my flower garden!" she said, in answer to a question of the officer, pointing to a sort of shelf at the foot of the bed fastened to the bedposts, and on which were three or four cracked flower-pots filled with crocuses and snow-

drops and green grass. "I have been sick and confined all winter, and I did so long to see some green grass and flowers, that my little Lily (she's my youngest, — only seven) said she knew where there were some, a long way off in the country, some wild flowers that she would go and bring me. One morning she went and was gone a long time, but she brought the flowers; and oh! they were so sweet! It seemed to do me ever so much good. I kissed her and told her she was a good little girl to go so far and get the nice flowers. But they faded because they were taken from the fresh air and confined in this stuffy room, so she has been many times and brought them home, and they are so fresh and nice; Lily says they grow wild and that there is plenty of them."

"You are sure she comes by them honestly?"

"Indeed, yes, for once I asked her, and she — she burst into such a fit of weeping, that I never mentioned it again."

"And what supports you, my good woman?"

"I have two other daughters, nine and eleven years old, and they sell matches on London Bridge."

"Have you a husband?"

"Alas! sir, he is in prison."

The officer reported the case to the judge and the little girl was discharged. Whether she told her mother or not is uncertain, but about a week later the mother died, and the three little girls were sent to good homes in the country.

THE BALLAD OF THE SHAMROCK.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

(Abridged.)

MY boy left me just twelve years ago,
'T was the black year of famine, of sickness and woe,
When the crops died out, and the people died too,
And the land into one great graveyard grew;
When our neighbors' faces were as white and thin
As the face of the moon when she first comes in;
When the whole land was dark as dark could be,
'T was then that Donal, my boy, left me.

We were turned from our farm where we'd lived so long,
For we could n't pay the rent, and the law was strong;
From our low meadow lands, and the flax field blue,
And the handsome green hill where the yellow furze grew.
Yes! Donal and I had to leave all these,
I to live with father, and he to cross the seas.
For Donal was as proud as any king's son,
And swore he'd not stand by and see such wrongs done,
But would seek a fortune out in the wide, wide west,
Where the honest can find labor, and the weary rest;
And as soon as he was able, why then he'd send for me,
To rest my poor old head in his home across the sea.

I think I see him now as he stood one blessed day
With his pale smiling face upon the Limerick quay;
And I lying on his breast, with his long curly hair
Blowing all about my shoulders as if to keep me there;
And the quivering of his lip, that he tried to keep so proud —
Not because of his old mother, but the idle curious crowd.
Then the hoisting of the anchor, and the flapping of the sail,
And the stopping of my heart, when the wild Irish wail,
From the mothers and the children and the kinsfolk on the
quay,
Told me plainer than all words that my darling was away.

Ten years went dragging by, and I heard but now and then,
For my Donal though a brave boy was no scholar with the
pen;

But he sent me kindly words and he bade me not despair,
And sometimes sent me money, — perhaps more than he could
spare.

So I waited and I prayed, until it came to pass,
That Father Pat he wanted me one Sunday after Mass,
And I went a little fearsome, to the back vestry-room,
Where his reverence sat a-smiling, like a sunflower in the
gloom;

And then he up and told me, — God bless him! — that my boy
Had sent to bring me over, and I nearly died for joy!

All day I was half-crazed as I wandered through the house;
The dropping of the sycamore seeds, or the scramble of a
mouse,

Thrilled through me like a gunshot, I durst not look behind,
For the pale face of my darling was always in my mind;
But I said in my own heart, it is but the second sight
Of the day when I shall kiss him, all beautiful and bright.

Then I made my box ready to go across the sea,
My boy had sent a ticket, so my passage it was free:
But all the time I longed that some little gift I had
To take across the ocean to my own dear lad;
A pin or a chain or something of the kind,
Just to mind the poor boy of the land he'd left behind.
But I was too poor to buy them, so I'd nothing left to do,
But to go to the old farm, the homestead that he knew,
To the handsome green hill where my Donal used to play,
And cut a sod of shamrock for the exile far away.

All through the voyage I nursed it, and watered it each day,
And kept its green leaves sheltered from the salt sea spray;
And I'd bring it upon deck when the sun was shining fair,
To watch its triple leaflets opening slowly in the air.
At first the sailors laughed at my little sod of grass,
But when they knew my object they gently let me pass;
And the ladies in the cabin were very kind to me,
They made me tell the story of my boy across the sea;
So I told them of my Donal and his fair, manly face,
Till bare speaking of my darling made a sunshine in the place.

We landed at the Battery in New York's big bay,
The sun was shining grandly, and the wharves looked gay,
But I could see no sunshine nor beauty in the place,
What I only cared to look at was Donal's sweet face;

But in all the great crowd, and I turned everywhere,
 I could not see a sign of him, my darling was not there :
 I asked the men around me to go and find my son,
 But they only stared or laughed, and left me one by one ;
 Till an old countryman came up to me and said —
 How could I live to hear it ? — that Donal was dead !

The shamrock sod is growing on Greenwood's hillside :
 It grows above the heart of my darling and my pride ;
 And on summer days I sit by the headstone all the day
 With my heart growing old and my head growing gray ;
 And I watch the dead leaves whirl from the sycamore-trees,
 And I wonder why it is that I can't die like these.
 But I think that this same winter, and from my heart I hope,
 I'll be lying nice and quiet upon Greenwood's slope,
 With my darling close beside me underneath the trickling dew,
 And the shamrocks creeping pleasantly above us two.

THE EMBARKATION.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

THE band of Pilgrim exiles in tearful silence stood,
 While thus outspoke in parting, John Robinson, the good,
 " Fare thee well, my brave Miles Standish ! thou hast a trusty
 sword,

But not with carnal weapons shalt thou glorify the Lord.
 Fare thee well, good Elder Brewster ! thou art a man of prayer,
 Commend the flock I give thee to the holy Shepherd's care.
 And thou, beloved Carver ! what shall I say to thee ?
 I have need, in this my sorrow, that thou shouldst comfort
 me :

In the furnace of affliction must all be sharply tried,
 But naught prevails against us if the Lord be on our side.
 Farewell, farewell, my people ! go and stay not the hand !
 But precious seed of freedom, sow ye broad cast in the land ;
 Ye may scatter it with sorrow, and water it with tears,
 But rejoice for those who gather the fruit in after years !
 Ay ! rejoice that ye may leave them an altar unto God,
 On the holy soil of freedom where no tyrant's foot hath trod !
 All honor to our sovereign, his Majesty King James !
 But the King of kings, above us, the highest homage claims ! "

Upon the deck, together they knelt them down and prayed,
 The husband and the father, the matron and the maid ;

The broad blue heavens above them, bright with the summer's
glow,
And the wide, wide waste of waters with its treacherous waves
below,
Around, the loved, the cherished, whom they should see no
more,
And the dark uncertain future stretching dimly on before.
Oh! well might Edward Winslow look sadly on his bride!
Oh! well might fair Rose Standish press to her chieftain's side!
For with crucified affections they bowed the knee in prayer,
And besought that God would aid them to suffer and to bear;
To bear the cross of sorrow — a broader shield of love
Than the royal cross of England that proudly waved above.
The balmy winds of summer swept o'er the glittering seas,
It brought the sign of parting, — the white sails met the breeze.
One farewell gush of sorrow, one prayerful blessing more,
And the bark that bore the exiles glided slowly from the
shore.
"Thus they left that goodly city," o'er the stormy seas to roam,
"But they knew that they were pilgrims," and this world was
not their home!

There is a God in heaven whose purpose none may tell!
There is a God in heaven who doeth all things well!
And thus an infant nation was cradled on the deep
While hosts of holy angels were set to guard its sleep:
No seer, no priest, no prophet, read its horoscope at birth,
No bard in solemn Saga sung its destiny to earth:
But slowly, slowly, slowly as the acorn from the sod,
It grew in strength and grandeur and spread its arms abroad.
The eyes of distant nations turned toward that goodly tree,
And they saw how fair and pleasant were the fruits of liberty!
Like earth's convulsive motion before the earthquake's shock,
Like the foaming of the ocean around old Plymouth Rock,
So, the deathless love of freedom, the majesty of right,
In all kindred and all nations, is rising in its might!
And words of solemn warning come from the honored dead, —
"Woe, woe to the oppressor, if righteous blood be shed!
Rush not blindly on the future! heed the lesson of the past!
For the feeble and the faithful are the conquerors at last!"

THE LITTLE JEW.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH CRAIK.

(A true story.)

WE were at school together, the little Jew and I;
He had black eyes, the biggest nose,
The very smallest fist for blows,
Yet nothing made him cry.

We mocked him often and often, called him all the names we
knew, —
“Young Lazarus!” “Father Abraham!”
“Moses!” — for he was meek as a lamb, —
The gentle little Jew.

But not a word he answered; sat in his corner still,
And worked his sums, and conned his task;
Would never any favor ask,
Did us nor good nor ill.

Though sometimes he would lift up those great dark Eastern
eyes,
Appealing when we wronged him much, —
For pity? no! but full of such
A questioning surprise.

He never lied nor cheated, although he was a Jew;
He might be rich, he might be poor,
Of David's seed, or line obscure,
For anything we knew.

He did his boyish duty well, in playground as in school;
A little put upon and meek,
Though no one ever called him, “sneak,”
Or “coward,” still less, “fool.”

But yet I never knew him — not rightly I may say —
Till one day, sauntering round our square,
I saw the little Jew boy there
Slow lingering after play.

He looked so tired and hungry, so dull and weary both,
 "Hallo!" cried I, "you ate no lunch!
 Come! here's an apple, have a munch!"
Hey, take it, don't be loath!"

He gazed upon the apple, so large and round and red,
 Then glanced up toward the western sky, —
 The sun was setting gloriously, —
But not a word he said.

He gazed upon the apple, eager as mother Eve;
 Half held his hand out, drew it back;
 Dim grew his eyes, so big and black,
His breast began to heave.

"I am so very hungry, and yet — no, thank you, no!
 Good by!" — "You little dolt!" said I,
 "Just take your apple! there, don't cry!
Home with you! Off you go!"

But still the poor lad lingered, and pointed to the sky,
 "The sunset is not very late,
 I'm not so hungry — I can wait,
Thank you! good by! good by!"

And then I caught and held him against the palisade,
 Pinched him and pummelled him right well,
 And forced him all the truth to tell,
Exactly as I bade.

It was their solemn fast day, when every honest Jew,
 From sunset unto sunset, kept
 The fast. I mocked; he only wept, —
"What father does, I do!"

I taunted him and jeered him, — the more brute I, I feel!
 I held the apple to his nose,
 He gave me neither words nor blows;
Firm, silent, true as steel!

I threw the apple at him: he stood one minute there,
 Then, swift as hunted deer at bay,
 He left the apple where it lay,
And vanished round the square.

I went and told my father, — a minister, you see ;
I thought that he would laugh outright
At the poor silly Israelite ;
But very grave looked he.

Then said, — “ My bold young Christian ! of Christian parents
born,
Would God that you may ever be
As faithful unto Him — and me —
As he you hold in scorn.”

I felt my face burn hotly, my stupid laughter ceased,
For father is a right good man,
And still I please him all I can,
As parent and as priest.

Next day, when school was over, I put my nonsense by ;
Begged the lad's pardon, stopped all strife,
And — well, we have been friends for life,
The little Jew and I.

IDLE WORDS.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

CONSIDER how large a portion speech makes up of the lives of all ; it occupies the greater part of the waking hours of many of us ; while express acts of a moral bearing, compared with our words, are rare and few. In this connection we ought to take into account the very large class of literally idle words. How many talk on unthinkingly and heedlessly, as if the swift exercise of the organs of speech were the great end of life. The most trivial news of the day, the concerns of the neighborhood, the floating gossip, — whether good-natured or malignant, — dress, food, frivolous surmises, paltry plans, vanities too light to remain an hour upon the memory, — these are the sole staple of what too many call conver-

sation; and many are the young people who are training themselves for no higher or better purpose.

But such persons have the threatened judgment visibly following their idle speech; their minds grow shallow; they constantly lose ground, if ever they had any, as intellectual and moral beings. Such speech makes a person of however genteel training, coarse and vulgar, and that not only in character, but even in voice and manners; and with sad frequency, it obliterates traits of rich loveliness and promise. The merely idle tongue is also very readily betrayed into overt guilt. One cannot indulge in idle reckless talk without being implicated in all the current slander and calumny, and acquiring gradually the envious and malignant traits of a hackneyed tale-bearer. And the person who in youth can attract the attention and win the favor of those of little reflection, with flippant and voluble discourse, will encounter in the very same circles, neglect, disesteem, and dislike, before the meridian of life is past; for it takes all the charms that youth, sprightliness, and high animal spirits can furnish to make an idle tongue either fascinating or endurable.

Consider for a moment the influence which we exert in conversation upon the happiness or the misery of others. It is not too much to say that most of us do more good or harm than in all other forms beside. Look around you and take a survey of whatever there is of social or domestic unhappiness in the families to which you belong, or among your kindred and acquaintances; nine tenths of it can be traced to no other cause than untrue, unkind, or ungoverned speech. A mere harsh word, repented of the next moment, how great a fire it can kindle!

The carrying back and forth of an idle tale, not worth an hour's thought, will often break up the

closest intimacies. From every slanderous tongue you may trace numerous rills of bitterness, winding round from house to house, and separating those who ought to be united in the closest friendship. Could persons who, with kind hearts, are yet hasty in speech, number up at the close of the day the feelings that they had wounded, and the uncomfortable sensations that they had caused, they would need no other motive to study suavity of manners, and to seek for their words the rich unction of a truly charitable spirit. How many are the traits of suspicion, jealousy, and heart-burning, which go forth from every day's merely idle words, vain and vague surmises, uncharitable inferences and conjectures!

AVE MARIA.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

A Breton Legend.

IN the ages of faith, before the day
 When men were too proud to weep or pray,
 There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
 Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
 A chapel for simple souls to meet,
 Nightly, and sing with voices sweet, — "Ave Maria!"

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
 With unkempt locks, and a matted beard,
 Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
 And whose head kept rolling from side to side,
 Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
 Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn, — "Ave Maria!"

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
 And the mending of tattered nets begun,
 And the sea bird's scream took a more weird key,
 From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
 He was found at morn on the fresh-strewn snow,
 Frozen and faint, and crooning low, — "Ave Maria!"

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs ;
Chaffed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin ;
But ebbing, with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring, till he died, — “Ave Maria !”

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth,
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without a cross, or a turf, or a stone ;
Senseless clay unto senseless clay !
To which none ever came nigh to say, — “Ave Maria !”

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high !
Such as she bears to whom men cry, — “Ave Maria !”

None had planted it ! no one knew
How it had come there ! why it grew !
Grew up strong till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem —
One pure lily, round which, behold !
Was written by God in veins of gold, — “Ave Maria !”

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled th’ Mystic bread and wine ;
The shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled ’twixt deep and down ;
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot’s name, — “Ave Maria !”

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless born,
The gentles’ pity, the cruels’ scorn, —
Who shall bar you the gates of day ?
So you have simple faith to say, — “Ave Maria !”

MARCH.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

March, its tree, juniper; its stone, blood-stone; its motto, courage and strength in times of danger. — Old Saying.

IN the gray dawning across the wild white lake,
Where the ice hummocks in frozen waves break,
'Mid the glittering spears of the far northern lights,
Like a cavalry escort of steel-coated knights,
Spanning the winter's cold gulf with an arch,
Over it, rampant, rides in the wild March.

Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The North Wind, the East Wind, and West Wind together,
In-bringing, in-bringing the March's wild weather.

Hear his rough chant as he dashes along, —
"Ho! ye March children, come, list to my song!
A bold outlaw am I, both to do and to dare!
And I fear not old earth, nor the powers of the air!
Winter's a dotard, and Summer's a prude,
But the Spring loves me well, although I am rude!
Faltering, lingering, listening Spring!
Blushing she waits for the clang and the ring
Of my swift horse's hoofs; then forward she presses,
Repelling, returning my boisterous caresses!

"The winds are unbound and unloose in the sky,
Rioting, frolicking, madly on high;
Are ye able to cope with the North Wind's strong arm?
Welcome bold his fierce grasp! 't will do ye no harm!
He knows the children of March are my own,
Sealed with my signet of magic blood-stone!
Blood-stone, red blood-stone, green dark and red light!
Blood is for ardor, and stone is for might,
And the watchword borne on by West Wind, the ranger,
Is, 'Courage and strength in the moment of danger!'

"Children of March! are ye strong? are ye strong?
Shame not the flag the West Wind bears along!
O ye men of the March, be ye firm as the steel!
O ye women of March, be ye loyal and leal!

Strong in your loving and strong in your hate !
Constant like juniper, early and late !
 Juniper, juniper, juniper green !
 Berries of blue set in glittering sheen,
 In the winter's cold snow, in summer's hot splendor,
 Unchanging, unchanging, thou heart true and tender ! ”

Singing of juniper, forward he whirled,
Galloping, galloping on through the world ;
And when, shivering, waking, the dull Day gazed out
From her tower in the gray clouds, she heard but the shout
Of the riotous winds as they followed in glee,
On ! on to the wooing, in mad revelry !
 Wooing, the wooing, the wooing of Spring !
 Here's a bold wooing that makes the woods ring,
 And thrills the leaf buds, though with snow overladen,
 As March, the wild outlaw, bears off the Spring maiden !

MAGGIE CUTS HER HAIR.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(Adapted from “ The Mill on the Floss.”)

MAGGIE and Tom came in from the garden with their father. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, coming in with her hair rough, as well as out of curl.

“Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears,” said Mrs. Tulliver, looking anxious and melancholy. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

“Well, and how do you do ? and I hope you're good children, are you ?” said Aunt Glegg in a loud, emphatic way. “Look at me now. Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulders.”

“Well, my dears,” said Aunt Pullet, in a compassionate voice, “you grow wonderful fast. I think

the gell has too much hair. I 'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I was you : it isn't good for her health."

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough ; there's nothing ails her. But it would be as well if Bessy would have the child's hair cut, as it would lie smooth."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear ; "go and get your hair brushed — do, for shame ! I told you not to come in without going to Martha first, you know I did."

"Tom, come with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him ; and Tom followed willingly enough. "Come up-stairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, whose imagination was impatient of any intermediate prospect.

"Oh, yes ! there's time for this ! — do come, Tom." Tom followed Maggie up-stairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie ?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, my buttons ! Maggie, you'll catch it !" exclaimed Tom, "you'd better not cut any more off."

Snip went the great scissors again, while Tom was speaking ; and he could n't help feeling it was rather good fun ; Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know!" said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind, — make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot.

The black locks were so thick — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious grinding snip, and another, and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily to the floor; and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie!" said Tom, jumping round her and slapping his knees, as he laughed. "Oh, my buttons! what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass; you look like the idiot we throw our nut-shells to at school!"

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action; she didn't want her hair to look pretty, — that was out of the question, — she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her and say she was like the idiot, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale and her lips to tremble a little.

"Oh, Maggie! You'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh, my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"Now, then, spitfire!" said Tom, "what did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down; I can smell the dinner going in."

He hurried down stairs and left poor Maggie to that bitter sense of the irrevocable which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. She could see clearly enough, now that the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear and think more about her hair than ever; for Maggie rushed on to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then saw not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination.

MAGGIE CUTS HER HAIR (Concluded).

"Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. "Lawks! what have you been doing? I never see such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia!" said Maggie angrily, "go away."

"I tell you you're to come down, miss, this minute; your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia! I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm, "I sha'n't come."

"Well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

"Maggie, you little silly!" said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes later; "why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots of goodies,

and mother says you 're to come. What are you crying for? you little spooney!"

Oh! it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned. If he had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner so nice and she was so hungry. It was very bitter. But Tom was not altogether hard; he was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospects of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said, in a lower, comforting tone, —

"Won't you come, then, Maggie? shall I bring you a bit of pudding, when I have had mine, — and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well!" said Tom, going away; but he turned again at the door and said, — "But you'd better come, you know! there's the dessert — nuts, you know, and cowslip wine."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts with cowslip wine began to assert their legitimate influence. Slowly she arose from among her scattered locks, and slowly made her way down stairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door; peeping in when it was ajar, she saw her empty chair, and there were custards on the side-table — it was too much. She slipped in and went towards the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a "turn" that she dropped the large gravy spoon into the dish with the most serious

results to the tablecloth. Mrs. Tulliver's scream had made all eyes turn toward the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks began to burn, while her Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old man said, — "Heyday ! what little gell 's this ? why I don't know her ! is it some little gell you 've picked up in the road, Kezia ?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself !" said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment ; "did you ever know such a little witch as it is ?"

"Why, little miss, you 've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet.

"Fie for shame !" said Aunt Glegg in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. "Little gells as cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water, not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Ay ! ay !" said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this denunciation, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they 'll cut the rest of her hair off there and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said Aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone.

"She's a naughty child as 'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and the custard. Under this impression he whispered, "Oh, my, Maggie ! I told you you 'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled,

and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

"Come, come, my child!" said her father, soothingly, putting his arm around her. "Never mind; you was in the right to cut it off, if it plagued you; give over crying; father 'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part!" she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when every one else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

With the dessert came entire deliverance for Maggie, for the children were told they might have that in the summer-house, since the day was so mild, and they scampered out among the budding bushes of the garden with the alacrity of small animals getting from under a burning glass.

JESSIE BROWN AT LUCKNOW.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

O'ER Lucknow's wall bursts war's red thunder-storm!
Round Lucknow's wall infuriate demons swarm!
Lucknow, where, with the men, the tender women share
The siege's horrors, battling 'gainst despair;
Where a brave few 'gainst baffled myriads strive,
Sworn not to yield while but one man survive;
Fell hunger wastes their strength; nearer each day,
The deadly mine works its insidious way; —
On all sides, death stares in their doomed eyes,
Still each with each in patient courage vies; —
A few more hours must end their agonies.

A Scottish lassie, sore with toil oppressed,
Wrapped in her plaid, worn out, sinks down to rest,
And says, with mind half-crazed, — "Pray call me now
As soon as father comes home from the plough!"

By night and day, with rare, unwearied zeal,
 She's cheered the soldiers, brought their scanty meal,
 Borne orders to the walls, the wounded nursed,
 With words of comfort slaked their dying thirst :
 Now lies she hushed amid the battle's din,
 And sleeps as if on earth there were no sin.

In dreams she wanders o'er her native hills,
 Lured by the strain that Scotia's children thrills ;
 And as the much-loved notes all faintly rise,
 They seem an angel-whisper from the skies.
 Sudden, she starts from sleep, throws up her arms,
 And listens, eager, through the war's alarms !
 What new-born transport lights her sunken-eye,
 Flushing her pallid cheek with ecstasy ?
 Enraptured, awhile she stands like one inspired,
 Then wild, as if by sudden frenzy fired,—
 " We're saved ! " she cries, " we're saved ! it is nae dream !
 The Highland slogan ! listen to its scream ! "

Then to the batteries with swift step she ran,
 And in a tone that thrills each drooping man, —
 " Courage ! " she cries, " Heaven sends us help at last !
 Hark to MacGregor's slogan on the blast ! "
 The soldiers cease their fire ; all hold their breath,
 Spellbound and fixed — a pause of life and death ;
 Each nerve they strain to catch the promised sound ;
 In vain ! the red artillery thunders round :
 Naught else. Then Jessie cries in accents clear, —
 " The slogan's ceased ! but hark ! dinna ye hear
 The Campbell's pibroch swell upon the breeze ?
 They're coming ! hark ! " then, falling on her knees, —
 " We're saved ! we're saved ! " she cries, " oh, thanks to God ! "
 And fainting sinks upon the blood-stained sod.

'Tis no girl's dream ! for, swelling on the gale,
 MacGregor's pibroch pours its piercing wail !
 That shrill, that thrilling sound, half threat, half woe,
 Speaks life to us, destruction to the foe !
 Loud and more loud it grows, till strong and clear,
 " Should old acquaintance," rings upon the ear !
 By solemn impulse moved, the whole host there
 Bowed in the dust and breathed a silent prayer,
 Poured out their thanks to God in grateful tears ;
 Then sprang to arms and rent the air with cheers !

The loyal English cheer, "God save the Queen!"
The bagpipes answer with, "For Old Lang Syne!"
The Seventy-Eighth it is! the gallant band
Brings news that Havelock is close at hand!
The chief that never failed in hour of need!
Patient and sure! faithful in word and deed!
With glad embraces, saved and saviors meet;
Long-parted comrades comrades gayly greet;
From every lip, on Jessie, blessings pour,
Sibyl of hope and heroine of the hour!

IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

ANONYMOUS.

"T WILL be all the same in a hundred years!"
What a spell word to conjure up smiles and tears!
How oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvellous "truth" that these words convey!
And can it be so? must the valiant and free
Hold their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared, and the glories they've won,
Only castles of frost-work confronting the sun?
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view,
As a midsummer dream, be as perishing too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones! be gentle, ye great!
Oh, remember how mercy beseemeth your state!
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave,
Eats, too, at the chain of the manacled slave!
And the conqueror's frowns, and his victims' tears,
Will be all the same in a hundred years.

How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil!
Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil.
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold
By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the bold:
For, 'tis coming — howe'er they may flaunt in their pride —
The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side!
For Time, as he speeds on invisible wings,
Disenamels and withers earth's costliest things:
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,
And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,
And the emperor's crown, and his cossacks' spears,
Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?
And the breaking of human hearts for toys?
And the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?
And the passion of youth for its daring dreams?
And the aiming at ends we never can span?
And the deadly aversion of man for man?
To what end is this conflict of hopes and fears,
If 't is all the same in a hundred years"?

Ah! 't is not the same in a hundred years!
How clear soever that motto appears.
For know ye not that beyond the grave, —
Far, far beyond where the cedars wave
On the Syrian Mountains, and where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars, —
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this!
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore,
Hath the thought of death in his heart no more;
But layeth his staff and sandals down,
For the victor's wreath, and the angel's crown!
And the mother meets, in that tranquil sphere,
The delightful child she had wept for here!
And the warrior's sword, who protects the right,
Is bejewelled with stars of undying light!
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!
Then be glad my heart, and forget thy tears,
For, 't is not the same in a hundred years!

DR. MARIGOLD AND HIS DUMB GIRL.

(Adapted from Dickens's "Doctor Marigold.")

OUR happiness went on till she was sixteen years old; by which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides, when I commenced explaining my views to her; but what's right is right, and you can't, neither by tears

nor laughter, do away with its character. So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the deaf and dumb establishment in London, and when the gentleman came to speak to us, I says to him, — “Now, I’ll tell you what I’ll do with you, sir, I am nothing but a cheap Jack, but of late years I’ve laid by for a rainy day, notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can’t produce a deafer, nor a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named, state the figure for it, and I’ll put the money down. I won’t bate you a single farthing, sir, but I’ll put down the money here and now, and I’ll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it — there!”

The gentleman smiled and then, — “Well, well!” says he, “I must first know what she has learned already. How do you communicate with her?” Then I showed him; and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her, and which she was able to read. “This is most extraordinary!” says the gentleman; “is it possible that you have been her only teacher?” — “I have been her only teacher, sir,” I says, “besides herself.” — “Then,” says the gentleman, “you’re a clever fellow and a good fellow!” This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries.

“Now, Marigold, tell me, what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?”

“I want her, sir, to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote, with perfect ease and pleasure.”

"My good fellow!" urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why, I can't do that myself!"

I took his joke and laughed, and mended my words accordingly. "Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her that good — yes, sir."

"There's another question," says he, looking towards her, "can she part with you?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself, for the other was hard enough to me, but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her alone in the dark of an evening, I don't tell, but I know this, — remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heartache and a swelling in the throat.

At last the two years' time was up, gone after all other time before it — and where it's all gone to, who knows? I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her.

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand heartily, "I am very glad to see you!"

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me as I am glad to see you!"

"The time has appeared so long, — has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length, but —"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! grown such a woman! so pretty! so intelligent! so expressive!

"You are affected," says the gentleman.

"I feel," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way "

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she's such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door."

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together on purpose to please me, for when I gave her the old sign, she rushed to my feet and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me, with pouring tears of love and joy! And when I took her hands, and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck, and lay there! and I don't know what a fool I did n't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us. So every item of my plan was crowned with success.

KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

AN OLD BALLAD.

(Abridged.)

KING LEAR once ruled in this land, with princely power and peace,
And had all things with heart's content that might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave, three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming, beautiful, as fairer could not be.
So on a time it pleased the king a question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace could show the dearest love?

"For to my age you bring content," quoth he, "then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth, the kindest will appear."

To whom the eldest thus began, "Dear father mine!" quoth she,

"Before your face to do you good my blood shall rendered be!"

"And so will I!" the second said. "Dear father, for your sake,

The worst of all extremities I'll gladly undertake!"

"In doing so you glad my soul," the aged king replied.

"But what say'st thou, my youngest girl, how is thy love allied?"

"My love," said young Cordelia then, "which to your grace I owe,

Shall be the duty of a child, and that is all I'll show."

"And wilt thou show no more," quoth he, "than doth thy duty bind?"

I well perceive thy love is small, when as no more I find.

Henceforth, I banish thee my court, thou art no child of mine!

Nor any part of this my realm by favor shall be thine!

Thy elder sisters' loves are more than I can well demand;

To whom I equally bestow my kingdom and my land,

My pompal state and all my goods, that lovingly I may

With those thy sisters be maintained until my dying day."

Then poor Cordelia patiently went wandering up and down,
Until at last, in famous France, she gentler fortunes found;
Where when the king, her virtues heard, had this fair lady
seen,

With full consent of all his court he made his wife and queen.
Her father, King Lear, this while with his two daughters
stayed;

Forgetful of their promised loves, full soon the same decayed:
And living in Queen Regan's court — the eldest of the twain —
She took from him his chiefest means, and most of all his
train.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he, "in giving all I have
Unto my children and to beg for what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonerell; my second child I know
Will be more kind and pitiful, and will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court, who, when she heard his
moan,
Returned him answer that she grieved that all his means were
gone,
But no way could relieve his wants, yet, if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he could have what scullions gave away.

“I will return again,” quoth he, “unto my Regan’s court ;
She will not use me thus, I hope, but in a kinder sort.”
Where when he came, she gave command to drive him thence
away,
“When he was well within my court,” she said, “he did not
stay.”
And calling to remembrance then his youngest daughter’s
words,
That said the duty of a child was all that love affords,
But doubting to repair to her, whom he had banished so,
Grew frantic mad, for in his mind he bore the wounds of woe ;

Which made him rend his milk-white locks and tresses from
his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks, with age and honor
spread.
To hills and woods and watery founts, he made his hourly
moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things did seem to sigh and
groan !
Even thus possessèd with discontents, he passèd o’er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there, to find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard of this her father’s
grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent him comfort and relief.

And so to England came with speed to repossess King Lear,
And drive his daughters from their thrones, by his Cordelia
dear.
Where she, true-hearted noble queen ! was in the battle slain,
Yet he, good king ! in his old days possessèd his crown again.
But when he heard Cordelia’s death, — who died indeed for
love
Of her dear father, in whose cause she did this battle move, —
He swooning fell upon her breast, from whence he never
parted,
But on her bosom left his life, that was so truly hearted.

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,
When its fruits turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scenes seem but a desolate waste, —
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear,
No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me, my gallant young steed !
With his high-archèd neck, and his nostrils spread wide,
His eyes full of fire, and his step full of pride.
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again ;
The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind ;
My pride lifts its head, for a moment bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown.

Now we 're off, like the winds to the plains whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame !
On ! on ! speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod !
On ! on ! like a deer, when the hound's early bay
Awakes the wild echoes ; away and away !
Still faster, still faster, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear !
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track, —
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back !
Now, a glen, dark as midnight ! what matter ? We 'll down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown !
The thick branches shake as we 're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew !

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command !
What a glorious creature ! Ah ! glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow !
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play !
Hurrah ! Off again ! Dashing on as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire !

Ho! A ditch! Shall we pause? No! the bold leap we dare,
 Like a swift-wingèd arrow we rush through the air.
 Oh! not all the pleasures that poets may praise, —
 Not the 'wilderling waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
 Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
 Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
 Nor the sail, high-heaving the waters o'er,
 Nor the rural dance on the moonlit shore, —
 Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
 Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

GOING home from the house of God,
 The flowers at her foot, the sun overhead,
 Little Christel so thoughtfully trod,
 Pondering what the preacher had said, —
 "Even the youngest, humblest child
 Something may do to please the Lord."
 "Now, what," thought she, and half-sadly smiled,
 "Can I, so little and poor, afford?"
 "Never, never a day should pass
 Without some kindness kindly shown."
 Little Christel looked down in the grass
 Rising like incense before the throne.
 "Well! a day is before me now,
 Yet what," thought she, "can I do if I try?
 If an angel of God should show me how —
 But silly am I, and the hours fly!"
 Then a lark sprang, singing, up from the sod,
 And Christel thought, as he rose to the blue,
 "Perhaps he will carry my prayer to God.
 But who would have thought the little lark knew?"

Now she entered the village street
 With book in hand and face demure;
 And soon she came, with sober feet,
 To a crying babe at a cottage door.
 The child had a windmill that would not move;
 It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain;
 One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
 And baby's breath could not stir it again,

Poor baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.
The babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow ;
Thinking, — “ Happy windmill, that has but to whirl
To please the pretty young creature so.”

No thought of herself was in her head
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree, tall and red,
Drooping and faint with summer heat.
She ran to a brook that was flowing by ;
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.
“ O happy brook ! ” thought little Christel,
“ You have done some good, this summer’s day !
You have made the flowers look fresh and well ! ”
Then she rose and went on her way.

But she saw, as she walked by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course ;
And the gurgling waters seemed to say, — “ Look !
I struggle and tumble and murmur hoarse !
How these stones obstruct my road !
How I wish they were off and gone !
Then I could flow as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone ! ”
Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet ;
She moves two stones, she comes to a third,
The brook already sings, — “ Thanks to you, sweet ! ”
Oh ! then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, — “ What is it to God he says ? ”
And she stumbles and falls and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.
The little brook flows on as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound,
The little babe crows at the cottage door,
And the red rose blooms, — but Christel lies drowned.

Come in softly ! this is the room !
Is not that an innocent face ?
Yes ! those flowers give a faint perfume,
Think, child, of heaven, and the Lord — His grace !
Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told ?
But the good, wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and cold !
Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the child on its pale round face,
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide,
Saying, — " I am a river of joy from heaven,
You helped the brook, and I help you,
I sprinkle your brow with life-drops seven,
I bathe your eyes with healing dew ! "
Then a rose-branch in through the window came,
And colored her cheeks and lips with red, —
" I remember ! — and heaven does the same ! "
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.
Then a bright small form to her cold neck clung,
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, — " I am a cherub, fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill ! "
Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said, — " Who put these flowers in my hand ? "
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child !
Not being able to understand.
But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour ; which made her say, —
" Oh ! I have slept and dreamed in the porch !
It is a very drowsy day ! "

THE TIDE AT THE FLOOD.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

ALL business men and women — for women require to be good "men of business" too, in this our day — know that the aptitude for seeing the right moment to do a thing, and the power to do it

without rashness, but also without delay, is a vital necessity of success, — success in anything. He who puts off till to-morrow what can be done, or ought to be done, to-day, is the most hopeless of individuals in any position where regular systematic work is required. Hopeless as a clerk or servant, but more fatal still as master, or as mistress; for the real heart of a family is almost always the mistress. If she cannot take the tide at the flood, judge the fittest moment for domestic decisions of all kinds, and carry them out, woe betide her! There may be no actual shipwreck, but her household bark will be a very helpless, helmless vessel at last.

This habit of dilatoriness and indecision is much of it mere habit, — the habit of imitation, which the youngers are so ready to catch from the elders. Therefore, the child cannot be too early taught, first the necessity of making up one's mind, and then of acting upon it. The trick of "hanging about," of wasting minute after minute, hour after hour, in work as in play, — for idlers never even play conscientiously, — is often acquired in mere infancy, and never got rid of to the end of life. What is, in the boy or girl, pure carelessness, becomes in the man or woman a confirmed peculiarity, which haunts them like a curse, causing no end of misery to themselves and all belonging to them.

For we know our gains and achievements. Our losses and our failures, we never fully know; but we may dimly guess at them, by our despair over some application thrown aside and neglected till the lost chance of benefiting ourselves or our neighbors can never be recalled; our remorse over an unanswered letter, when the writer has suddenly gone whither no kindly word can reach; our regret over cordial visits left unpaid, and pleasant meetings unvalued, till

friendship, worn out, dies a natural death, or burns itself to ashes like a fire without fresh coals ; — then we lay the blame on providence, luck, circumstances, anything or anybody except the true sinner — ourselves !

“We cannot help it,” we plead, and after a certain time we really cannot help it. There is a disease called paralysis of the will, — an actual physical disease, though its results are moral, — and every one who cultivates — or rather does not strive with all his might to eradicate — the habit of indecision, lays himself open thereto. A baby who knows its own mind, and stretches out the little impetuous hand, quite certain it is the doll, and not the wagon that it wants to play with, and eager to snatch it without wasting a minute, is a creature possessing a quality not to be despised but encouraged. The gift of being able to know exactly what one wants, and the strength to use all lawful methods to get it, is one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of a human being.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.” And do it at the time ; not to-morrow, or the day after, or by-and-by when in the mood for it, but at once, at the moment when it presents itself to be done. For the tide will turn and you never know the moment of its turning. Be clear-sighted, cautious, prudent, but after that be decided. Make up your mind slowly and carefully, but having made it up, act upon it. Do not

“Linger shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away,”

take the tide boldly at the flood ! Plunge boldly in !
Do your best and trust the rest !

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
As slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door ;
Sad welcomed by the lingering rose
That, startled, shed its waning snows.
The bolt flew back with sudden clang.
I entered; wall and rafter rang.
Down dropped the moon, and, clear and high,
September's wind went wailing by.
"Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago."
And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers, cold and bare,
I sought the room where, glad, of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening old.

Where were those rosy children three?
The boy beneath the moaning sea;
Sweet Margaret, down where violets hide,
Slept tranquil by that father's side;
And I, alone, a pilgrim still,
Was left to climb the midnight hill.
My hand was on the latch, when, lo!
'T was lifted from within. I know
I was not wild, and, — could I dream? —
Within, I saw the wood fire gleam,
And smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father in his ancient chair.
Oh, the long rapture, perfect rest!
As close he clasped me to his breast,
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the long years had brought to me.

Then by his side, his hand in mine,
I tasted joy serene, divine;

And saw my griefs unfolding fair
 As flowers in June's enchanted air ;
 So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
 Such tender love-light in his eyes.
 " O Death ! " I cried, " if these be thine,
 For me the asphodels entwine !
 Fold me within thy perfect calm !
 Leave on my lips the bliss of balm !
 And let me slumber, pillowed low
 With Margaret, where the violets blow."
 And still we talked ; o'er cloudy bars
 Orion bore his pomp of stars ;
 Within, the wood fire fainter glowed,
 Weird on the wall the shadows showed,
 Till, in the east, a pallor born,
 Told midnight melting into morn.

.

'T is true, his rest this many a year
 Has made the village churchyard dear.
 'T is true, his stone is graven fair, —
 " Here lies, remote from mortal care."
 I cannot tell how this may be,
 But well I know he talked with me.

THE BOBOLINK.

THOMAS HILL.

BOBOLINK ! that in the meadow,
 Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
 Keepest up a constant rattle
 Joyous as my children's prattle, —
 Welcome to the north again !
 Welcome to mine ear thy strain !
 Welcome to mine eye the sight
 Of thy buff, thy black and white !
 Brighter plumes may greet the sun
 By the banks of Amazon,
 Sweeter tones may weave the spell
 Of enchanting Philomel,
 But the tropic bird would fail,
 And the English nightingale,

If we should compare their worth
With thy endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power, —
Then, amid the sunlight clear,
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure,
By thy glad, ecstatic measure.
A single note so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude ; but the strain
Gives us no such tone again ;
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay !

Gayest songster of the spring !
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care, nor fear thy bosom knows ;
For thee a tempest never blows ;
But when our northern summer 's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink ! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness ;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing
In summer, winter, fall, and spring !

A HANDFUL OF WOOL.

(Rewritten and Adapted.)

WHAT a queer title! A handful of wool! Well, what of it? What could a handful of wool amount to? Listen:

Madam L—— had followed her husband's fortunes through the civil wars in Spain. In a skirmish of that cruel war he was shot, and at the risk of her life, in the silence and darkness of night, she dug a grave and buried him there on the mountain where he fell. Then, for her own and her two infant children's safety, she fled into the forest.

She finally took refuge in an old ruined convent on the side of a mountain, a place which was visited occasionally by some shepherds, who came there to pasture their sheep on the grounds of the convent where there had been a clearing made in early times. She had not a penny, and the only thing she found there was an abundance of wood. Of this she gathered all she needed for the winter, and from the shepherds she obtained a few crusts, paying for them by tending sheep.

The shepherds' wives came also, to bring food to their husbands, and Madam L—— said to them, — "It must be a long and weary journey to climb this mountain, and a great hindrance to your work?" — "Yes, Senora." — "And it must be dull in your lonely homes while your husbands are away?" — "Yes, Senora." — "Well, if you like, I will clear out the great refectory of the convent, and you may bring your wheels and spin here together."

They came; as soon as morning broke they were there, and went down to their huts in the valley only to sleep. It was so much pleasanter to sit all

in one room, chatting and spinning, with a nice warm fire when needed, than to be each in her own home alone, that, at the end of a week, each gave their benefactor, for such she was, a handful of spun wool, and out of this she wove her fortune. How? Let us see.

She went occasionally to the nearest town, where she sold her little bundle of wool which she had accumulated from their weekly gifts. With the money so raised she bought raw wool of the shepherds, and paid the wives for spinning it for her. This she sold, and at the second shearing of the sheep, after they gave her their first handful of wool, she was able to purchase half their wool.

In the second spring she left her children with the wives, and under escort of some of the shepherds made a journey to the French frontier, and contracted with a great wool-buyer for the next spinning. In three years the old convent was converted into a spinning factory, and became renowned for the excellent quality of its wool. It proved a source of prosperity and comfort to the poor shepherds' families, and they spoke of her with gratitude and love.

In time there grew up in Spain four factories; in France, seven; besides cotton and flax mills in Belgium, — all the property of Madam L—. Thus, by energy, prudence, and kindness, she extracted prosperity for herself, her children, and the many who labored for her, — out of a handful of wool!

Above the lonely grave of her husband, in a wild and solitary pass in the mountains, stands a magnificent white-marble monument. In poverty or wealth, the love of the faithful wife remained unchanged. In her prosperity she lost none of her

really great qualities, but continued as energetic, patient, and simple in her habits, as when she dwelt in desolate penury on the hills of Spain.

THE EAGLE'S ROCK.

ANONYMOUS.

(Abridged.)

'T WAS the golden eagle's rock, craggy and wild and lone,
Where he sat in state, with his royal mate, on his undisputed throne.

And the golden eagle stood eying the noonday sun,
Till the clamoring cry of his nestlings nigh charged him with work undone.

Then o'er a shady glen doth the bold marauder sail,
Where villagers gay hold a festal day, down in their verdant vale.

Apart from a joyous group, a mother her darling bears,
With happy smiles at his baby wiles, his innocent mirth she shares.

Then on the soft green turf the mother her babe doth lie,
While over its head is a watcher dread, in that dark spot in the sky.

She kisses its cherub cheek and leaves it awhile. Ah! woe!
For broader above o'er her gentle dove that terrible spot doth grow!

Hushed was the peasants' mirth, and the stoutest they stood aghast;

And the wail of despair, it rent the air, as the eagle o'er them passed.

He has stolen the pretty child all in its rosy sleep,
And bears it in might, with ponderous flight, straight toward his castle keep.

Whose is that upturned face, white as the mountain snow?
Horror is there, and blank despair, speechless and tearless woe!

Pale are those bloodless lips! But lo, in that mother's eye
There flashes the light of love's great might, stronger than
agony!
She rushes o'er field and fell; her footsteps at hindrances
mock;
She startles the snake in the rustling brake, and reaches the
eagle's rock.
Sorrow hath made her mad! She scaleth the rough rock's
side!
Now passing the edge of a shelving ledge, and now on a plat-
form wide.

Onward and upward still, scarce doth she pause for breath.
Woman, beware! Thou hast not there a step between thee
and death!
Scrambling up fearful crags, still doth she higher go;
Close let her cling! the loose stones ring, clattering to depths
below.
Higher she mounts! She climbs where the wild goat fears to
stand.
Death follows behind; fleet, fleet as the wind, still she eludes
his hand.
She reaches the fearful wall under the great rock's brow,
Where the ivy has clung and has swayed and swung from ear-
liest time till now.

Clambering the network old which its twining stems have
wrought,
She wrestles in prayer with her Maker there; doth she fear
God for naught?
And the cry of that mother's heart is heard, and her faith is
blest;
For, with rapture wild she has snatched her child, unharmed,
from the eagle's nest.
Flapping their dusky wings, fiercely the spoilers came,
And she heard their screams, and she saw the gleams that
shot from their eyes of flame;
Like spirits of evil, foul, they circled around her head,
Then yelling aloud, amazed and cowed, down the steep rock
they fled.

Close to her throbbing heart she bindeth her weeping child;
She wipeth its tears, and she quells its fears, up in that
region wild;

And she blesses the mighty Hand that carried her there, and
knows
That aid shall be lent through the dread descent, to that
perilous journey's close.

Hush! down the rifted rock she beareth her burden sweet;
No might of her own maketh fast each stone, firmly beneath
her feet!

She trusts; and her bleeding hands safely the ivy grasp,
For a spirit of love from God above is strengthening it in
her clasp!

Lower she comes, and sees beneath her a mountain lamb,
That cautious and slow, to the vale below, follows its careful
dam.

And she tracketh, with thankful heart, the path of her gentle
guide,

Whose feet will be found on the surest ground, down the
steep mountain's side.

Hark! from the plain beneath, voices are rising loud,
The shout and the cheer they have reached her ear, and she
seeth the breathless crowd.

Louder and louder and louder still swelleth the welcome
strain;

O loving heart! thou hast done thy part! return to thy home
again!

She reacheth the mountain's foot; hurrah! for her task is
o'er!

The deed she hath done hath a tribute won of praises forever-
more!

And a lesson she taught to all; of energy, faith, and love.

Hast thou the right? stand up and fight, looking to God
above!

WE ARE SEVEN.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE child, that lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb, what should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl; she was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl that clustered round her
head.

She had a rustic, woodland air, and she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair, — her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid, how many may you be ? ” —
“ How many ? seven in all,” she said, and wondering looked
at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.” She answered, —
“ Seven are we !
And two of us at Conway dwell, and two are gone to sea,

“ And two of us in the churchyard lie, my sister and my
brother,
And, in the churchyard cottage, I dwell near them with my
mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell, and two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ? — I pray you tell, sweet maid, how this
may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply, — “ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie, beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid, your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid, then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,” the little maid
replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door, and they are
side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit, my kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit, and sing a song to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir, when it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer and eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was sister Jane ; in bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain, and then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid, and when the grass was
dry,
Together round her grave we played, — my brother John
and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow, and I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go, and he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," I said, "if they two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,—“O master, we are seven!”

"But they are dead! those two are dead! their spirits are in heaven!"

"T was throwing words away, for still the little maid would have her will, and said,—“Nay, we are seven!"

MAGGIE AND THOMAS À KEMPIS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(Adapted from "Mill on the Floss.")

AT last Maggie's eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window shelf, and she half forsook her revery to turn over listlessly the leaves of the "Portrait Gallery," but she soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with a string. "Beauties of the Spectator," "Rasselas," "Economy of Human Life," "Gregory's Letters,"—she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these. "The Christian Year,"—that seemed to be a hymn book and she laid it down again.

But Thomas à Kempis? The name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some ideas attached to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity; it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned

from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed. . . .

“Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. . . . If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thine own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care; for in everything somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . . Both above and below, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must have patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown.”

A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. She went on from one brown mark to another, where the quiet hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading—seeming rather to listen while a low voice said, . . . “I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace . . . Then shall vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die.”

. . . She read on in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the invisible teacher, the pattern of sorrow, the source of all strength; returning to it after she had been called away, and reading till the sun went down behind the willows. . . . She knew nothing of doctrines and systems—of mysticism or quietism; but this voice out of the far-off middle ages was the direct communication of a human soul’s belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message.

I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need pay only sixpence at a bookstall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent and far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

QUEEN CATHERINE TO THE KING AND COURT OF CARDINALS.

SHAKESPERE.

(Henry VIII., Act. II., Scene 4.)

(TO THE KING.) Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I've been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable ;
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance, — glad or sorry,
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking ? Nay, gave not notice
 He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you ; if in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To th' sharpest kind of justice.

Lord Cardinal, to you I speak. . . . Sir,
 I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a queen, — or long have dreamed so, — certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire. . . . I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
 Which God's dew quench ! Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth. . . . My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 T' oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble mouthed ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his Highness' favor,
 Gone lightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
 And to be judged by him. (To servant.) Pray you keep your
 way —

When you are called return. — Now the Lord help!
 They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

LITTLE MAUD.

ANONYMOUS.

WITH her large dark eyes, and her soft brown hair,
 A little child was the fairest flower
 In the princely home of the millionaire;
 Her father's pride, and her mother's care;
 Youth, hope, and love were the priceless dower
 Of little Maud.

She watched one night for papa to come,
 And to meet him sprang, as he gained the hall;
 But his cheeks were white, and his lips were dumb,
 His eyes were fixed, and his whole frame numb
 With a great despair! he had lost his all!
 Poor little Maud!

Then the young wife sprang to her husband's aid,
 For she read the worst in his ghastly face, —
 "Take courage, my own! be not dismayed!
 Of a life obscure I am not afraid!
 And home will be sweet in any place
 With you and Maud."

By a small white house in a country town
 Where the wild birds sang in the grand old trees,
 And a small stream danced over pebbles brown,
 From early morn till the sun went down,
 Free as the wings of the mountain breeze,
 Played little Maud.

But there came a change, — when the brown leaves fled
Like guilty things from the vengeful blast,
Then she shrank from her father's voice and tread,
And without his kiss crept off to bed.

From the shores of right he was floating fast :
Alas for Maud !

Then hope, that had smiled on fortune's fall,
Died darkly out in the mother's heart ;
Her husband's love had been all in all,
But the nectar cup was changed to gall ;
Oh, wine, what a fiendish curse thou art !
Poor little Maud !

From a troubled sleep she was roused one night
By the still approach of a nameless fear ;
To her mother's arms she sprang in fright,
But they clasped her not, for the face was white,
And her darling's voice she could not hear :
Ah ! woe for Maud !

In a gay saloon was a merry throng,
There were prime cigars, and the best champagne,
And he was there, where at filthy song
And jest, the laugh was loud and long ;
While a small scared face pressed the window-pane :
Outside stood Maud.

Yes, he was there with a wine-flushed face,
His voice rose high in the song profane,
Of his better self was left no trace ;
She dared not enter that noisy place,
So back she turned from her errand vain —
Poor little Maud !

Back to the depths of the winter night ;
But she heeded not the starless gloom ;
The snow in her hair wove garlands white
And stiffened her limbs, and dimmed her sight,
As she struggled on to the gates of doom ;
Devoted Maud !

In the little heart was great despair,
She fancied God had forgotten her,
And she could not say her evening prayer,
For she thought the dear Lord did not care
How great her pain and her sorrow were !
Heart-broken Maud !

In the drifting snow one shoe stuck fast,
But the small bare feet were too cold to ache ;
Her cloak flew off in the next fierce blast ;
Then low she sank, for her strength was past.
 " Help me, O God, for Jesus' sake ! "
 Cried little Maud.

God came in a blast of the north-wind bold,
That opened the gates of the summer land ;
Out of the night, and out of the cold,
This sweet lamb sprang to the upper fold,
And a happy mother clasped the hand
 Of darling Maud.

My brothers ! you that are strong and young,
And you on the summit of snow-capped years,
Let your social glass to the winds be flung !
Let women condemn it with heart and tongue !
 This parent of shame and crime and tears
 That murdered Maud !

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

J. HECTOR ST. JOHN.

THE pleasure I receive from the warbling of the birds in the spring is superior to my poor description, as the continual succession of their tuneful notes is forever new to me. I generally rise from bed about that indistinct interval which properly speaking is neither night nor day, for this is the moment of the universal vocal choir. Who can listen unmoved, to the sweet love-tones of our robins, told from tree to tree ? Or to the shrill cat-birds ? The sublime notes of the thrush, from on high always retards my steps, that I may listen to the delicious music.

The astonishing art which all birds display in the construction of their nests, — ill-provided as we may suppose them with proper tools, — their neat-

ness, their convenience, always make me ashamed of the slovenliness of our houses. Their love to their dame, their incessant, careful attention, and the peculiar songs they address to her while she tediously incubates their eggs, remind me of my duty, — could I ever forget it.

One of my constant walks, when I am at leisure, is in my lowlands, where I have the pleasure of seeing my cattle, horses, and colts. Exuberant grass replenishes all my fields, the best representative of our wealth; in the middle of that track, I have cut a ditch eight feet wide, the banks of which Nature adorns every spring with the wild salendine and other flowering weeds, which on these luxuriant grounds shoot up to a great height. Over this ditch I have erected a bridge capable of bearing a loaded wagon; on each side I carefully sow every year some grains of hemp, which rise to the height of fifteen feet, so strong and so full of limbs as to resemble young trees; I once ascended one of them four feet above the ground. These produce natural arbors, rendered often still more compact by the assistance of an annual creeping plant that never fails to entwine itself among their branches and always produces a very desirable shade. From this simple grove, I have amused myself an hundred times in observing the great number of humming-birds with which our country abounds. The wild blossoms everywhere attract the attention of these birds, which, like bees, subsist by suction.

From this retreat I distinctly watch them in all their various attitudes; but their flight is so rapid that you cannot distinguish the motion of their wings. On this little bird, Nature has profusely lavished her most splendid colors; the most perfect azure, the most beautiful gold, the most dazzling red, are for-

ever in contrast, and help to embellish the plumes of his majestic head. The richest palette of the most luxuriant painter could not invent anything to be compared to the variegated tints with which this insect bird is arrayed. Its bill is as long and as sharp as a coarse sewing-needle ; like the bee, Nature has taught it to find out, in the calyx of flowers and blossoms, those mellifluous particles that serve it for sufficient food ; and yet it seems to leave them untouched, undeprived of anything that our eyes can possibly distinguish.

When it feeds, it appears as if immovable, although continually on the wing ; and sometimes, from what motive I know not, it will tear and lacerate flowers into a hundred pieces ; for strange to tell, they are the most irascible of the feathered tribe. Where do passions find room in so diminutive a body ? They often fight with the fury of lions, until one of the combatants falls a sacrifice and dies.

When fatigued, it has often perched within a few feet of me, and on such favorable opportunities I have surveyed it with the most minute attention. Its little eyes appear like diamonds reflecting light on every side ; most elegantly finished in all parts, it is a miniature work of our great Parent, who seems to have formed it the smallest, and at the same time the most beautiful of the winged species.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

(*Abridged.*)

THE rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother with her first-born thence
Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed
Unto the Temple service ; by the hand

She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
 Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
 That aught so pure, so beautiful was hers
 To bring before her God. So passed they on
 O'er Judah's hills; and whensoever the leaves
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon
 Like lulling raindrops, or the olive boughs,
 With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
 Of Syria's heaven, she paused that he might rest;
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
 That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose
 As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
 Lay like a twilight-star 'midst palmy shades,
 There too she lingered; from the diamond wave
 Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls
 To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached, —
 The earth's one sanctuary, — and rapture hushed
 Her bosom as before her, through the day,
 It rose a mountain of white marble, steeped
 In light like floating gold. But when that hour
 Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eyes
 Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
 Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
 Clung as the ivy clings — the deep springtide
 Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child
 Bending, her soul broke forth in mingled sounds
 Of weeping and sad song — "Alas!" she cried,

"Alas! my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
 And now fond thoughts arise;
 And silver chords again to earth have won me, —
 How like a vine thou claspest my full heart!
 How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
 So late along the mountains at my side?
 And I in joyous pride,
 By every place of flowers my course delaying,
 Wove e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
 Beholding thee so fair!

“And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted, —
Will it not seem as if the sunny day,
 Turned from its door away,
While, through the chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice which past me still
 Went like a singing rill?”

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me
When from the fount at evening I return
 With the full water urn;
Nor will thy sleep’s low, dove-like breathings greet me
As, ’midst the silence of the stars, I wake
 And watch for thy dear sake.

“And thou? Will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round thee
Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed?
 Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up in thy fear,
 A cry which none shall hear?”

“What have I said, my child? Will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nests?
 Shall He not guard thy rest,
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee
Breathe o’er thy soul and fill its dreams with joy?
 Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

“I give thee to thy God — the God that gave thee
A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart;
 And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, he shall have thee;
My own! my beautiful! my undefiled!
 And thou shalt be his child!

“Therefore, farewell! — I go — my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
 Yearning for thy sweet looks.
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell —
 The Rock of Strength, — farewell!”

MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

A NIGHT had passed away among the hills,
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
Showed in the east; the bright and dewy star,
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
Looked through the cool air, like a blessed thing
In a far purer world; below, there lay,
Wrapped round a woody mountain tranquilly,
A misty cloud; its edges caught the light
That now came up from out the unseen depth
Of the full fount of day, and they were laced
With colors ever brightening.

I had waked
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,
And now in the fresh forest air I stood,
Nerved to another day of wandering.
Below there lay a far extended sea
Rolling in feathery waves; the wind blew o'er it
And tossed it round the high ascending rocks,
And swept it through the half-hidden forest tops,
Till, like an ocean waking into storm,
It heaved and weltered. Gloriously the light
Crested its billows; and those craggy islands
Shone on it, like to palaces of spar,
Built on a sea of pearl.

The sky bent round
The awful dome of a most mighty temple,
Built by omnipotent hands, for nothing less
Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence.
I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts
Of wonder and of joy that then came o'er me,
Even with a whirlwind's rush, so beautiful!
So bright! so glorious! such a majesty
In yon pure vault! so many dazzling tints
In yonder waste of waves! so like the ocean
With its unnumbered islands there encircled
By foaming surges!

Soon away the mist cloud rolled;
Wave after wave they climbed the highest rocks,
Poured over them in surges, and then rushed
Down glens and valleys like a winter's torrent

Dashed instant to the plain ; it seemed a moment,
And they were gone, as if the touch of fire
At once dissolved them.

Then I found myself
Midway in air ; ridge after ridge below
Descended with their opulence of woods
Even to the dim-seen level, where a lake
Flashed in the sun, and from it wound a line,
Now silvery bright even to the farthest verge
Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks
Was round me — but below, how beautiful !
How rich the plain ! a wilderness of groves
And ripening harvests ; while the sky of June,
The soft, blue sky of June, and the cool air
That makes it then a luxury to live
Only to breathe it, and the busy echo
Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks, —
Stole with so gentle meaning to my heart,
That where I stood seemed heaven !

AGNES HOTOT.

WALTER K. FOBES.

(A Tale of the Fourteenth Century.)

“BUT I say this land is mine, — is mine !” and Ringsdale turned fiercely to his neighbor Hotot, “and what’s more to the purpose, I am going to have it !”

“Nay, nay, good neighbor, the land was my border betwixt thine estate and mine, even before thou camest into thy possessions,” answered Hotot, calmly.

“I care not what thou sayest ! but I will fight thee for it ! He who wins shall have the land. There is no other way to settle it.”

“Nay, nay, I will not fight thee ! I like not fighting !”

“Then I’ll proclaim thee coward ! And I will seize the land ! How lik’st thou that ?” angrily cried Ringsdale.

“Since thou forcest me to it, I needs must fight. Again I say, I like not fighting, but I’ll not be branded as a coward!”

“If thou be not upon this same ground, beneath this huge oak-tree, to-morrow morn at sunrise, armed and equipped to meet me, I’ll seize the land, and afterward proclaim thee coward to all the world.”

Thus they parted, each to his home. Thus had they quarrelled many times before, and now, the rash and fiery Ringsdale had forced a fight upon his milder-tempered neighbor, the battle to be on the disputed land.

Next morn, just as the sun came o’er the hill-top, Ringsdale reached the appointed spot, but found no foe to meet him. He was about to turn and ride away, when he saw his neighbor, armed and mounted like himself, riding with haste towards him. Neither spoke, but took their places, and then with spears advanced, dashed fiercely at each other—but neither won. Again and again they fought, stopping at intervals, by mutual consent, to breathe themselves and their brave steeds. But not a word was spoken by either; they had met for deeds, not words. Both were well mounted; they were well matched in daring, courage, strength, and for a long time it seemed as if the fight would end only with the day.

But the hot and fiery Ringsdale, at length losing patience, shouted,—“Now, by the sun above us! this must end, and thou shalt die, or else submit to me!” The other answered not, and Ringsdale, putting spurs to his horse, madly rushed upon his foe. But his opponent rode more firmly than he, and, when they met, Ringsdale was unhorsed, and fell at the feet of his foe, who, dismounting quickly, stood above the prostrate man, and taking off the

helmet — lo! the long dishevelled hair of a woman fell into Ringsdale's face, who, looking up, saw the beautiful face of Agnes, his neighbor Hotot's daughter. "Oh! worse defeat!" he cried, "have I been conquered by a woman?"

"Yes! by a woman! My father is so sick and weak, he could not come, and I, unknown to him, have come to save his honor and his land. I have done so, have I not?"

"Thou hast fought bravely, with a strength I did not think thou hadst, and I perforce must yield."

"Rise then, and get thee home! And, now there is no cause for quarrel, I trust my father and thyself will meet as friends." So spake she; and he, from that time on, became a better neighbor.

The fame of Agnes Hotot's combat for her father's honor was widespread. She married a Dudley, an earl, who in her honor took for his crest, "A ducal coronet, surmounted by a woman's head, the hair dishevelled, the helmet on the head, with throat latch down and fastened."

MOTHER AND POET.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(Abridged.)

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea;
Dead! both my boys! when you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But this woman, this, — who is agonized here, —
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head,
Forever, instead!

What's art for a woman? to hold on her knees
 Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat,
 Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees,
 And 'broider the long clothes, and neat little coat,
 To dream and to dote!

To teach them — it stings there! I made them, indeed,
 Speak plain the word "Country!" I taught them, no doubt,
 That a country's a thing men should die for at need!
 I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant cast out!

And when their eyes flashed — Oh, my beautiful eyes! —
 I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns and denied not. But then the surprise,
 When one sits quite alone! then one weeps, then one
 kneels, —
 God! how the house feels!

And first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
 They both loved me; and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin; Ancona was free!
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it! friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy! one boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal; while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand, — "I was not to faint.
 One loved me for two, would be with me ere long;
 And 'Viva l' Italia' he died for; our saint!
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Naomi would add, — “ He was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that kept off the balls ; was imprest
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear ;
 And how ’t was impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest.”

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line,
 Swept smoothly, the next news from Gaeta, —
 “ Shot ! tell his mother ! ” Ah ! ah ! “ his,” “ their,” mother,
 not “ mine ” —
 No voice says “ my mother ! ” again to me ! what,
 You think Guido forgot ?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
 They drop earth’s affections, conceive not of woe ?
 I think not ! themselves were too lately forgiven,
 Through that Love and that Sorrow which reconcile so
 The Above and Below.

Both boys dead ! but that’s out of nature ! we all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one ;
 ’T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
 And when Italy’s made, to what end is it done,
 If we have not a son ?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
 When you have your country, from mountain to sea,
 When King Victor has Italy’s crown on his head, —
 And I have my dead ! —

What then ? Do not mock me ! Ah ! ring your bells low !
 And burn your lights faintly ! my country is there ! —
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow —
 My Italy’s there ! with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair !

Dead ! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea,
 Both ! both my boys ! If in keeping the feast,
 You want a great song for Italy free !
 Let none look at me !

LABOR.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
 Hark ! how creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting goes up to heaven !
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship !" — the robin is singing ;
 "Labor is worship !" — the wild bee is winging ;
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul out of nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower,
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower, —
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life ! — 'T is the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory ! — The flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
 Play the sweet keys, — wouldst thou keep them in tune

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us, —
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work ! — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
 Work ! — thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
 Lie not down 'neath woes weeping-willow !
 Work with stout heart, and a resolute will !

Labor is health ! — Lo ! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
 How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides !

Labor is wealth ! — in the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee !
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee !
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod !
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly !
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly !
Labor ! — all labor is noble and holy !
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

BETTY ZANE.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

(Abridged.)

A CENTURY since, out in the West, a block-house was by Girty pressed ; — Girty, the renegade, the dread of all the border, fiercely led five hundred Wyandots, to gain plunder and scalp-locks from the slain, and in this hold — Fort Henry then, but Wheeling now — twelve boys and men guarded, with watchful ward and care, women and prattling children there, against their rude and savage foes, — and Betty Zane was one of those.

There had been forty-two at first, when Girty on the border burst ; but most of those who meant to stay and keep the Wyandots at bay, outside by savage wiles were lured, and ball and tomahawk endured, till few were left the place to hold, and some were boys, and some were old ; but all could use the rifle well, and vainly, from the Indians fell, on puncheon roof and timber wall, the fitful shower of leaden ball.

Now Betty's brothers and her sire were with her in this ring of fire ; and she was ready, in her way, to

aid their labor day by day, in all a quiet maiden might: to mould the bullets for the fight; and quick to note, and so report, watch every act outside the fort, or peering from the loop-holes see each phase of savage strategy; — these were her tasks, and thus the maid the toil-worn garrison could aid.

Still drearily the fight went on until a week had nearly gone, when it was told — a whisper first, and then in loud alarm it burst — their powder scarce was growing: they knew where a keg unopened lay outside the fort at Zane's — what now? Their leader stood with anxious brow, it must be had at any cost, or toil and fort and lives were lost! Some one must do that work of fear; what man or men would volunteer?

Two offered, and so earnest they, neither his purpose would give way: and, Shepherd, who commanded, dare not pick or choose between the pair. But ere they settled on the one by whom the errand should be done, young Betty interposed and said, — “Let me essay the task instead! small matter 't were if Betty Zane, a useless woman, should be slain; but death, if dealt on one of those, gives too much 'vantage to our foes.”

Her father smiled with pleasure grim; her pluck gave painful pride to him; and, while the brothers clamored, “No!” he uttered, “Boys, let Betty go! she'll do it at less risk than you! but, keep her steadily in view, and be your rifles shields for her; if yonder foe make step or stir, pick off each wretch who draws a bead; and so you'll serve her in her need. Now I recover from surprise, I think our Betty's purpose wise.”

The gate was opened, on she sped; the foe astonished gazed, 't is said, and wondered at her purpose, till she gained that log-hut by the hill.

But when, in apron wrapped, the cask she backward bore, to close her task, the foemen saw her aim at last, and poured their fire upon her fast. Bullet on bullet near her fell, while rang the Indians' angry yell; but safely through that whirring rain, powder in arms, came Betty Zane!

They filled their horns, both boys and men, and so began the fight again. Girty, who there so long had stayed, by this new feat of feats dismayed, fired houses round and cattle slew and moved away, — the fray was through. But when the story round was told how they maintained the leaguered hold, it was agreed, though fame was due to all who in that fight were true, the highest meed of praise, 't was plain, fell to the share of Betty Zane!

A hundred years have passed since then. The savage never came again; Girty is dust; alike are dead, those who assailed and those bestead. Upon those half-cleared, rolling lands, a crowded city proudly stands; but of the many who reside by green Ohio's rushing tide, not one has lineage prouder than — be he poor or rich — the man who boasts that in his spotless strain mingles the blood of Betty Zane!

THE HIGH TIDE.

ANONYMOUS.

"MOTHER dear, what is the water saying?
Mother dear, why does the wild sea roar?"
Cry the children, on the white sand playing,
On the white sand, half a mile from shore.
"Little ones, I fear a storm is growing,
Come away, oh, let us hasten home!"
Calls the mother, and the wind is blowing,
Flashing up a million eyes of foam.

"Mother, see our footprints as we follow !

Mother dear, what crawls along before ? "

Creeping round and round through creek and hollow,

Runs the tide between them and the shore.

"Hasten ! " cries the mother, forward flying,

"Hasten, or we perish ! 't is the tide ! "

Led by her, affrighted now and crying,

Fly the children, barefoot at her side.

"Mother dear, the sea is coming after !

Mother, 't is between us and the land ! "

Looking back, they see the waves with laughter

Wash their little shoes from off the sand.

"Quicker ! " screams the mother, "Quicker ! Quicker ! "

Fast they fly before the sullen sound.

Step by step, the mother's heart grows sicker,

Inch by inch, the sea creeps round and round.

"Mother, in the water we are wading !

Mother, it grows deeper as we go ! "

"Hasten, children ! see the day is fading ! "

Higher creeps the tide so black and slow ;

Now, now at each step, the waves grow deeper.

"Turn this way ! " but there, 't is deeper still !

Still the sea breathes like a drunken sleeper,

Still the foam crawls, and the wind blows shrill.

"Mother, there is land, all green and dry land,

Grass upon it growing and a tree ! "

A promontory turned into an island

Upsprings there in the ever-rising sea.

"Mother, 't is so deep, and we are dripping !

Mother, we are sinking, haste ! oh, haste ! "

In her arms uplifting them, and gripping,

On she plunges, wading to the waist.

"Mother, set us down among the grasses !

Mother, we are hungry ! " they now cry :

Watching the bright water as it passes,

There they sit, between the sea and sky.

Higher crawls the sea with deep intoning,

Passing every flood-mark far or near.

"'T is the high tide ! " cries the mother moaning,

"Coming only once in many a year ! "

Higher ! higher ! lapping round the island,
 Flows the water with a sound forlorn.
 Those are flowers 't is snatching from the dry land —
 Pale primroses sweet and newly born.
 Smaller grows the isle where they sit sobbing,
 Darker grows the day on every side,
 Whiter grows the mother, with heart throbbing
 Madly, as she marks the fatal tide.

“Children, cling around me ! hold me faster !
 Kiss me ! God is going to take all three !
 Say the prayer I taught you — he is Master !
 He is Lord ! and in his hands lie we !”
 Flowers the tide is snatching while it calls so,
 Flowers its lean hands never snatched before ;
 Will it snatch these human flowers also,
 Where they cling, sad creatures of the shore ?

Nay ! for o'er the tide a boat is stealing.
 On their names, a man's strong voice doth cry ;
 “God be praised !” the mother crieth, kneeling,
 “He hath heard our prayer and help is nigh !”
 “Father !” cry the children, “this way, father !
 Here we are !” aloud cry girl and boy ;
 Comes the boat — the children round it gather —
 But the mother smiles and faints for joy !

THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT.

MRS. L. C. ELDRED.

ALL my daily tasks were ended and the hush of night had come,
 Bringing rest to weary spirits, calling many wanderers home.
 “He that goeth forth with weeping, bearing golden grains of
 wheat,
 Shall return again, rejoicing, laden with the harvest sweet.”
 This I read ; and deeply pondered what of seed my hand had
 sown ?
 What of harvest I was reaping, to be laid before the throne ?
 While my thoughts were swiftly glancing o'er the paths my
 feet had trod,
 Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids, and a vision came from God.

In the world's great field of labor, all the reaper's tasks were
done,
And each hastened to the Master with the sheaves that he had
won.
Some with sheaves but poor and scanty, sadly told the number
o'er,
Others staggered 'neath the burden of the golden grain they
bore.
Gladly then the pearly gateways opening wide gave entrance
meet,
As they sought the Master's presence, laid their burdens at
His feet.
Slowly, sadly, with the reapers who had labored long and late,
Came I, at the Master's bidding, and was latest at the gate.

Then, apart from all the others, weeping bitterly I stood;
I had toiled from early morning working for the others' good.
When one friend had fallen by his piles of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water I revived his strength again.
And another, worn and weary, I had aided for a while,
Till, her failing strength returning, she went onward with a
smile.

Thus the others I had aided while the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent, and evening on the earth her teardrops
shed.

And I to the Master's presence came with weary toil-worn feet,
Bearing as my gathered harvest but a single head of wheat.
So with tearful eyes I watched them as, with faces glad and
bright,

One by one they laid their burdens down before the throne of
light.

Ah! how sweetly then the blessing sounded to my listening
ear, —

"Nobly done, my faithful servants, rest now in your mansions
here!"

Then I thought with keenest sorrow, — "Words like these are
not for me,

Only those with heavy burdens heavenly rest and blessings see.

"Yet I love the Master truly, and I've labored hard since
dawn,

But I have no heavy burden: will he bid me to be gone?"

While I questioned thus in sadness, Christ the Master called
for me,

And I knelt before Him, saying, — "I have only this for thee.

"I have labored hard, O Master! I have toiled from morn
till night,
But I sought to aid my neighbors, and to make their labor
light;
So the day has passed unnoticed, and to-night, with shame, I
come
Bringing as my gathered harvest but a single wheat-head
home."

Then I laid it down with weeping at his blessed, pierced feet,
And he smiled upon my trembling — ah! his smile was pass-
ing sweet! —

"Child, it is enough!" he answered, "all I ask for thou hast
brought,
And among the band of reapers, truly, bravely hast thou
wrought!
This was thine appointed mission; well hast thou performed
thy task;
Have no fear that I will chide thee; this is all that I would
ask!"

Then I woke, — but long the vision in my heart I pondered o'er,
While I tried to see what meaning hidden in its depths it
bore;
And at length this lesson slowly dawned upon my wondering
mind, —

Never mind what others gather, do whate'er thy hand can find;
If it be thy lotted mission thus to serve the reaper band,
And the evening find thee weary with an empty, sheafless hand,
Let thy heart be never troubled, since thou hast fulfilled thy
task,
Have no fear that He will chide thee; heavy sheaves He will
not ask.

THE FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW: A MID-SUMMER LEGEND.

MARY BETHAM HOWITT.

"AND where have you been, my Mary! and where have you
been from me?"

"I've been to the top of Caldon Low, the midsummer night
to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary! all up on the Caldon Low?"

"I saw the glad sunshine come down, and I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary! all up on the Caldon hill?"

"I heard the drops of the water made, and the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary! all, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies last night on the Caldon Low!"

"Then take me on your knee, mother! and listen, mother of mine!

A hundred fairies danced last night, and the harpers they were nine.

And their harp-strings rung so merrily, to their dancing feet so small,

But oh! the words of their talking were merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary! that then you heard them say?"

"I'll tell you all, my mother! but let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water and rolled it down the hill,

'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn the poor old miller's mill.

For there has been no water ever since the first of May,

And a busy man will the miller be at the dawning of the day!

Oh, the miller how he will laugh when he sees the mill-dam rise!

The jolly old miller, now he will laugh till the tears fill both his eyes!' "

"And some, they seized the little winds that sounded over the hill;

And each put a horn unto his mouth, and blew both loud and shrill;

'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go away from every horn,

And they shall clear the mildew dank from the blind old widow's corn.

Oh, the poor blind widow! though she has been blind so long

She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone, and the corn stands tall and strong! "

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed, and flung it down from the low ;

'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise in the weaver's croft shall grow.

Oh, the poor lame weaver ! how he will laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field all full of flowers by night !'

"And then outspake a brownie, with a long beard on his chin,—
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he, 'and I want some more to spin ;

I've spun a piece of hempen cloth, and I want to spin another ;

A little sheet for Mary's bed, and an apron for her mother.'

With that I could not help but laugh, and I laughed out loud and free,

And then on the top of Caldoun Low there was no one left but me !

And all on the top of Caldoun Low the mists were cold and gray,

And nothing I saw but the mossy stones that round about me lay.

"But coming down from the hill-top, I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was, and how the wheel did go.

And I peeped into the widow's field, and sure enough were seen

The yellow ears of the mildewed corn all standing stout and green.

And down by the weaver's croft I stole to see if the flax were sprung ;

But I met the weaver at his gate, with the good news on his tongue.

Now this is all I heard, mother ! and all that I did see.

So prithee make my bed, mother ! for I'm tired as I can be !"

THE EVILS OF TIGHT LACING.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

ONE morning, when I was about eight years old, my father came in and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buck-

ram, whalebone, and other stiff articles; while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

"Pray, what are you going to do to the child?"

"Going to fit her to a pair of stays."

"For what purpose?"

"To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up properly without them."

"I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them."

"Oh, you are mistaken; see what a stoop she has already; depend upon it, this girl will be a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays."

"My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be of His making, not ours."

All remonstrance was vain; stays and every species of tight dress were strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also watched carefully against any invasion of this rule; a riband drawn tightly round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand; while the little girl, of the anxious friend whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages of that system from which I was preserved. She grew up a wand-like figure, graceful and interesting, and died of decline at nineteen; while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour-glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms of God's moulding; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches and other lady-like maladies, that appear the almost exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

This is no trivial matter, believe me; it has frequently been the subject of conversation with pro-

fessional men of high attainment, and I never met with one among them who did not — on hearing that I never but once, and then only for a few hours, submitted to the restraint of these unnatural machines — refer to that exemption as a means, the free respiration, circulation, and powers both of exertion and endurance, with which the Lord has most mercifully gifted me. There can be no doubt that the hand which first encloses the waist of a girl in these cruel contrivances, supplying her with a fictitious support where the hand of God has placed bones and muscles that ought to be brought into vigorous action, — that hand lays the foundation of bitter sufferings; at the price of which, and probably of a premature death, the advantage must be purchased of rendering her figure as unlike as possible to all the models of female beauty, universally admitted to be such because they are chiselled after nature itself. I have seen pictures, and I have read harrowing descriptions of the murderous consequences of thus flying in the face of the Creator's skill, and presuming to mend, to improve his perfect work; but my own experience is worth a thousand treatises and ten thousand illustrations in bringing conviction to my mind.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

ANONYMOUS.

A GOOD-WIFE rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
“There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day.”

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be ;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot and her aching head
Throbbéd wearily as she said, —
“ If maidens but knew what good-wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed ! ”

“ Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown ? ”
Called the farmer from the well ;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half bashfully fell ;
“ It was this,” he said, and, coming near,
He smiled, and, stooping down,
Kissed her cheek, — “ ’T was this ; that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town ! ”

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She ’d not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea ;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

“ Just think,” the children all cried in a breath,
“ Tom Wood has run off to sea !
He would n’t, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we ! ”
The night came down, and the good-wife smiled
To herself as she softly said, —
“ ’T is so sweet to labor for those we love,
It ’s not strange that maids will wed ! ”

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

“ Out in the meadows the young grass springs
Shivering with sap,” said the larks, “ and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
Spirally up over level and lea ;

Come, O swallows, and fly with us
Now that horizons are luminous !
Evening and morning, the world of light
Spreading and kindling is infinite ! ”

Far away, by the sea in the south,
The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drought,
Under the heavens that beam and burn ;
And all the swallows were gathered there
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said, —
“ Musical thought in the mid-air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead !
Come, O swallows, and stir the air !
For the buds are all bursting-unaware,
And the drooping eaves, and the elm-trees, long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song ! ”

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
Flitted the swallows ; not one hears
The call of the thrush from far, from far ;
Sighed the thrushes — then all at once
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that dawn fulfils,
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
“ Swallows, O swallows, come back again
To swoop and herald the April rain ! ”

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square ;

And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
Said to herself with a weary sigh, —
“To-morrow the swallows will northward fly!”

JOAN OF ARC.

(Rewritten and Adapted.)

WHEN France was but a province of the English, the young king, Charles the Seventh of France, beheld his land diminish and saw his people persecuted, without being able to prevent. A prophecy was then current that a virgin should deliver France from her enemies. All the people were praying for relief, and Joan, a poor, simple, uneducated shepherdess, — who was also very dutiful to her parents and to her God, — then seventeen years old, never forgot to pray for her king and country.

In her was fulfilled the prophecy, for, believing herself to be the chosen deliverer of her land, she gained access to the king, and said, — “God has sent me to you, first, to raise the siege of Orleans; then to conduct you to Rheims to be crowned and anointed.” Her piety, her patriotism, her enthusiasm were infectious. Charles gave her command of the army, and she inspired it with confidence. She rode a white steed, her helmet was surmounted with feathers, she had a banner of her own device; and thus arrayed she appeared before Orleans at the head of 12,000 men. This was the only town held by Charles. It was besieged by the English, and Joan came to bring provisions to the besieged garrison, and to drive the English away. The French, following her example, fought bravely, and the English, seeing this, began to think that there was some divine power helping her, and lost their courage.

She demanded of the English the raising of the siege, and they sent back word that if they caught her they would burn her as a witch. In those days that meant a great deal, but she replied, — “Tell the commander that if he will arm himself and come before the walls of the town, I will do the same, and if he can take me, he may burn me; if I conquer him, let him raise the siege and return to his own country.”

In one of her attacks on the English she rushed, banner in hand, seized a ladder, and mounting the entrenchment wall planted her colors on it. She fell, wounded by an arrow in the shoulder. The English shouted in triumph and the French fell back. But Joan, seeing this, sprang from the ground, tore out the arrow, and as the blood spurted from the deep wound, she shouted, — “It is not blood that flows from this wound, but glory”; and rallying her soldiers, she routed the English.

Says an historian, — “Thus that famous siege which had lasted seven months — during which all the efforts of the chivalry of France had only succeeded in repelling a few assaults — was raised in a few days by the courage of a heroine of seventeen. A week after the arrival of Joan of Arc, the enemy had fled from the walls of the delivered city.” Success followed success. She laid siege to other towns on the road to Rheims, and they quickly surrendered. In one fight a heavy stone was thrown upon her, bearing her to the ground, but she quickly rose and cried, — “Frenchmen, mount boldly and enter the town! you will meet no resistance.” And they did not. Thus she gained her victories; two months after the siege of Orleans was raised, Rheims was in her possession, and she assisted at the coronation of the king, with standard in hand and armor on.

She then said, — “Now I shall not regret to die ! Let me go and serve my father and mother in keeping their sheep, for my mission is ended” But she was prevailed upon to stay, and one year later she was captured and basely sold to the English for 10,000 livres; they still more basely fulfilled their promise and burned her as a witch. Thus the maid of Orleans fulfilled her mission, and thus she left to her country her immortal name.

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

SCHILLER.

FAREWELL, ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well !
Through you Johanna never more may stray,
For aye Johanna bids you now farewell !
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom.
Farewell, ye grottos, and ye crystal springs
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes and ne'er returns again !

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind.
Poor foldless lambs ! no shepherd now have you,
O'er the wide heath stray, henceforth, unconfined,
For I to danger's field of crimson hue
Am summoned hence another flock to find.
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest ;
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast.

For, who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him stand in royal Pharoah's sight ;
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth His champion in the fight,
Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,
He, from these leafy boughs, thus spake to me, —
“Go forth ! thou shalt on earth my witness be !

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
 A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
 Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
 Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there;
 Ne'er with the bride wreath shall thy locks be dressed,
 Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair,
 But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
 Thy martial fame all women shall outshine.

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
 When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
 Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
 And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
 Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
 His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
 To Gaul's heroic sons deliverance bring,
 Relieve beleaguered Rheims, and crown thy king!"

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign;
 He sends the helmet, it hath come from him;
 Its iron fillet me with strength divine,
 I feel the courage of the cherubim;
 As with the rushing of a mighty wind
 It drives me forth to join the battle's din;
 The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
 And the loud war cry thunders in mine ear!

KATE SHELLEY.

EUGENE J. HALL.

(Abridged.)

HAVE you heard how a girl saved the lightning express? —
 Of Kate Shelly, whose father was killed on the road?
 Were he living to-day, he'd be proud to possess
 Such a daughter as Kate. Ah! 't was grit that she showed,
 On that terrible evening when Donahue's train
 Jumped the bridge and went down in the darkness and rain.
 It is evening — the darkness is dense and profound;
 Men linger at home by their bright-blazing fires;
 The wind wildly howls with a horrible sound,
 And shrieks through the vibrating telegraph wires;
 The fierce lightning flashes along the dark sky,
 The rain falls in torrents, the river rolls by.

The scream of a whistle ! the rush of a train !
The sound of a bell ! a mysterious light
That flashes and flares through the fast-falling rain !
A rumble ! a roar ! shrieks of human affright !
The falling of timbers ! the space of a breath !
A splash in the river ! then darkness and death !
Kate Shelly recoils at the terrible crash,
The sounds of destruction she happens to hear ;
She springs to the window, she throws up the sash,
And listens and looks with a feeling of fear.
The tall tree-tops groan, and she hears the faint cry
Of a drowning man down in the river near by.

Her heart feebly flutters, her features grow wan,
And then through her soul in a moment there flies
A forethought that gives her the strength of a man ;
She turns to her trembling old mother and cries, —
“ I must save the express ! ’t will be here in an hour ! ”
Then out through the door disappears in the shower.
She flies down the track through the pitiless rain,
She reaches the river, — the water below
Whirls and seethes through the timbers, — she shudders,
again, —
“ The bridge ! to Moingona, God help me to go ! ”
Then closely about her she gathers her gown
And on the wet ties, with a shiver, sinks down.

Then carefully over the timbers she creeps
On her hands and her knees, almost holding her breath ;
The loud thunder peals and the wind wildly sweeps
And struggles to hurry her down to her death ;
But the thought of the train to destruction so near
Removes from her soul every feeling of fear.
With the blood dripping down from each torn, bleeding limb,
Slow over the timbers her dark way she feels ;
Her fingers grow numb, and her head seems to swim,
Her strength is fast failing — she staggers ! she reels !
She falls — ah ! the danger is over at last !
Her feet touch the earth, and the long bridge is past.

In an instant new life seems to come to her form ;
She springs to her feet and forgets her despair,
“ On, on to Moingona ! ” she faces the storm,
She reaches the station, the keeper is there, —
“ Save the lightning express ! no — hang out the red light !
There ’s death on the bridge at the river to-night ! ”

Out flashes the signal light, rosy and red ;
Then sounds the loud roar of the swift-coming train,
The hissing of steam, and there brightly ahead,
The gleam of a headlight illumines the rain ;
“ Down brakes ! ” shrieks the whistle, defiant and shrill ;
She heeds the red signal — she slackens ! she ’s still !

Ah ! noble Kate Shelly, your mission is done ;
Your deed that dark night will not fade from our gaze ;
An endless renown you have worthily won ;
Let the nation be just and accord you its praise.
Let your name and your fame and your courage declare
What a woman can do and a woman can dare !

THE WATER-MILL.

D. C. MCCALLUM.

OH ! listen to the water-mill, through all the livelong day,
As the clicking of the wheels wears the hours away !
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,
As in the fields the reapers sing, while binding up the sheaves !
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast, —
“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past ! ”

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o’er earth
and main ;
The sickle never more will reap the yellow, garnered grain ;
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil, deep, and
still,
But never glideth back again to th’ busy water-mill.
The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and
vast, —
“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past ! ”

Oh ! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too ;
Ah ! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne’er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away ;
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broad-
cast ; —
“ The mill will never grind again with water that is past ! ”

Oh ! the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by !
Alas ! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh !

Love that we might once have saved by a single word !
Thoughts conceived but not expressed, perishing unpenned,
unheard !

Oh ! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast, —
“The mill will never grind again with water that is past !”

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength
and will !

The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide, by clicking water-mill ;
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,
For all that thou canst call thine own, lies in the phrase “to-
day” !

Possessions, power, and blooming health, must all be lost at
last, —

“The mill will never grind again with water that is past !”

Oh ! love thy God and fellow-man ! Thyself consider last !
For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past ;
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is good and true ;
Ah ! then thou 'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and
vast, —

“The mill will never grind again with water that is past !”

JAMIE.

ANONYMOUS.

(Abridged and Adapted.)

I HARDLY know how to begin without saying many things that have nothing at all to do with the thing I ought to say ; for, friends, you know well that a woman can't say right out what she means, and I'm all a woman, you know. But there ! I will begin or I'll never finish. You see, it was — let me think how long — ah, well ! 't was years ago, when I was only forty, and John was forty-three, and the winter was in, and for many years we'd not had such a snow.

'Twas eve ; John was sitting before me, his face turned opposite mine, and every once in a while I looked, and saw him deep in thought ; then I grew

thoughtful too; you see, a thought in one heart can't shine, unless it reflects on another heart the light of it, — as it ought. I glanced from my knitting and saw him frown, and what did I do instead? Why, a big tear rolled down my cheek and hid away in the coarse blue yarn; for I knew I was thinking, as he was, of Jamie, our boy, who fled five years ago from father and me, and took that box from the barn; took that box where John had kept the savings of many a year, and ran away with a wild, wild set of fellows from the town. When John heard of it, up he stood, and cursed him, saying clear, — “He is no son of mine, and if I meet him, I'll strike him down!” But I — I could not say a word when he cursed our boy; but, oh! I crawled up-stairs on my hands and knees, for my sight was faint and dim, and I hunted a little baby frock my boy wore long ago, and, oh! I kissed it, and cried on it, folded my hands upon it and prayed for him.

But this had been five years ago, when John and I sat there ~~that~~ winter night, while the snow fell down, and we thought of other days; John was facing the window, and often he'd look in the flare of the log, and move so restless, in some of men's restless ways; when suddenly up he jumped and looked at the window-pane. “Father,” I cried, “what is it? Is it anything you see?” — “Hush!” he said, “and listen!” And soft as the fall of rain, some one walked by the window, and my heart leaped up in me. My work dropped out of my hands. “O John!” I cried, “look at me! Speak!” But he only grasped my arm; for a low, low knock, struck gently once and again. “Martha,” he said in an awful voice, that made me more than weak, “the accursed one has come back, for I saw his face at the window-pane.”

Then up I flew, with my hands stretched out, but he stepped before me and stood by the close shut door, and barred it 'gainst the boy that was outside. *H* "No thief shall enter here!" he said in a voice that I understood; then down I dropped at his feet and madly, fiercely cried, — "Open the door, I say! the snow is falling fast! Open the door, I say!" and the wind went rolling by. *H* "He left these walls five years ago, and that time was the last; he shall never cross this sill again; he may go away even to die!" Then I prayed to John, and I caught his hand, but he pulled it quick away; I called on God, I clutched my hair, and it fell about my face; I reached to pull at the door, for the wind was howling dreadfully, and I shrieked as John held me from it, my cries filled all the place.

When suddenly an awful crash, like some one falling in against the plank, shook e'en John's arm, but still he held his place; then there came a voice that banished all thought of sin, calling weakly, — *B* "Mother!" and I fell down on my face. But I rose in an instant. *S* "Open the door!" I said. I was no longer a praying wife, but the mother of my child. I wrenched his hands from the bolts, and threw him off like a bar of lead, and he leaned to the wall as the door flew back, — when, white and faint and wild, Jamie fell on my neck, and cried, — "O, mother, take me in! I'm very sick, O, mother! and I've come to the old, old place!" And all I could say was, — "My boy! my boy!" as his weak form fell within my arms, and I cried all the snow away that covered his poor, poor face.

But as I stood there with him, the wind slammed the old door fast, and I felt an arm pressed round me and John was standing there, with the tears fast rolling down his cheeks; I took his arm and passed it

close around our Jamie, and oh, I held it there ! For into the light we brought him; Jamie, our only one ! Into the light and love of home, into the glory of God ; forgiven and loved as ever !— And now he 's forty-one ; older than I was then, you see. And father— he 's so proud, and calls him a great, good man, because he writes such clever books ; and even says he 's the greatest man for changing life's grief into joy ; but I — I 'm his mother, you know, and if he should write such books as would teach the angels in heaven, I would kiss him and say, — “ My boy ! ” And really that 's all I have to tell ; and I 've tried to tell it straight, but I 'd like to tell it different, just as my heart felt then — but there ! There 's Jamie coming, and he likes me to smile, so wait till some other time, and I 'll tell you what good he does among men.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Abridged.)

THE joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the seaside ;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure ! roll trumpet and drum !
'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they come ;
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed
With accents that falter her promise is made
From father and mother forever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed, the two they are one ;

The vow it is spoken all pure from the heart,
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger come mingling afar ;
The foe's on the border, his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

“ Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife !
For sister and mother, for children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow ! o'er mountain and plain !
Up true men and follow, let dastards remain ! ”

Hurrah ! to the battle ! they form into line,
The shields, how they rattle ! the spears, how they shine !
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue !
On, burgher and yeomen, to die or to do !

The eve is declining in lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride ;
She marks them unheeding, her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark, loud from the mountain ! 't is victory's cry !
O'er woodland and fountain, it rings to the sky.
The foe has retreated ! he flies to the shore !
The spoiler's defeated ! the combat is o'er !

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come ;
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum ?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield ?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field ?

Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay,
In bridal adorning, the star of the day ;
Now weep for the lover, his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over, the chieftain is dead !

But oh ! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen and rending with grief !
She sinks on the meadow, — in one morning tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride !

Ye maidens attending forbear to condole,
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul !
True, true, 't was a story for ages of pride !
He died in his glory, — but oh ! he has died !

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The dead-wave is rolling along the seaside ;
The crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brightened the scene.

LITTLE GOTTLIEB

PHŒBE CAREY.

(Abridged.)

ACROSS the German ocean, in a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb, lived with his mother
alone.

They dwelt in a part of the village where the houses were poor
and small ;

But the house of little Gottlieb was the poorest of them all.
He was not large enough to work, and his mother could do no
more —

Though she scarcely laid her knitting down — than keep the
wolf from the door.

And oft at night beside her chair would Gottlieb sit and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her when he grew to be
a man.

One night she sat and knitted, and Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
Then a happy fancy all at once upon his vision beamed.
It was only a week till Christmas, and Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child, who was born that day, sent down good gifts
to men.

But he said, — “ He will never find us, our home is so mean
and small,

And we who have most need of them, will get no gifts at all.”
Then all at once a happy light came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles as he thought what he
could do.

Next day, when the postman's letters came from all over the
land,

Came one for the “ Christ-child,” written in a child's poor
trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled what in the world to do,
So he went to the burgomaster, as the wisest man he knew ;
And when they opened the letter, they stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare to ask the Lord for aid.
Then the burgomaster stammered, and scarce knew what to
 speak,
And hastily he brushed aside a drop like a tear, from his
cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly, and turned himself about, —
“ This must be a very foolish boy, and a small one, too, no
doubt ! ”

But when six rosy children that night about him pressed,
Poor trusting little Gottlieb stood near him with the rest ;
And he heard his simple touching prayer through all their
 noisy play,
Though he tried his very best to put the thought of him away.
A wise and learned man was he, men called him good and
 just,
But his wisdom seemed liked foolishness by that weak child’s
simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came, and the long, long
 week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep, rose up before the sun
And hastened to his mother, — but he scarce might speak for
 fear,
When he saw her wondering look, and saw the burgomaster
 near.
He was n’t afraid of the holy Babe, nor his mother meek and
 mild,
But he felt as if so great a man had never been a child.
Amazed, the poor child looked, to find the hearth was piled
 with wood,
And the table, never full before, was heaped with dainty food.

Then, half to hide from himself the truth, the burgomaster
 said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees, and Gottlieb
 shook with dread, —
“ Nay, give no thanks, my good dame ! to such as me for aid,
Be grateful to your little son, and the Lord to whom he prayed.”
Then turning round to Gottlieb, — “ Your written prayer, you
 see,
Came not to whom it was addressed, it only came to me.

'T was but a foolish thing you did, as you must understand ;
For, though the gifts are yours, you know, you have them from
my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly, where he humbly stood
apart, —

"But the Christ-child sent them all the same! he put the
thought in your heart!"

A HAPPY WORLD.

(From Paley's "Natural Theology.")

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing," swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air, their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, — testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties.

A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, — so busy and so pleased, — yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of its being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves.

Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, — all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak; its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly, nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go; and, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the Great Parent of creation hath provided; happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase; to novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds — what is in no inconsiderable degree an equivalent for them all — “perception of ease.” Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitu-

tion suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest ; whilst to the imbecility of age, quiet and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old, a state of ease is generally speaking more attainable than a state of pleasure.

This same "perception of ease" oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be "the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life." How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged with certainty ; the appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this sort of source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all its most various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI

CLARENCE COOK.

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together, —
A level field hid in a happy vale ;
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
Each carried to his home one half the sheaves
And stored them with much labor in his barns.
Now Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, — "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise and gird myself and go
Down to the field and add to his from mine."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds;
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky;
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went home to sleep and happy dreams.

Now that same night as Abram lay in bed
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, — "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine;
While I, whom heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest field alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise and gird myself and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from silvery bars of clouds;
The trees stood black against the starry sky;
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field,

Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap ;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

On the next morning, with the early sun,
The brothers rose and went out to their toil ;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now, the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive branches whispered in the wind.
Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on,
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek !
And Abram saw the whole and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri ! so they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands !

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

ALFRED B. STREET.

(Abridged.)

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest eagle is king of the sky !
From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath,
He views the mad waters, white-writhing beneath.
A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon, yet raging afar ;
The black cloud strides upward ; the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread ;
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast, with a howl, from his lair !

The lightnings dart zigzag and forked through the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;
The gray forest eagle — where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyry? or shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?
No, no, the brave eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight!

To the flash of the lightning, his eye cast a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast, he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!
Away, oh, away, soars the fearless and free!
What reck's he the sky's strife? its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, — undaunted his sight!
The blast sweeps against him, — unwavering his flight!
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again;
And full on the form of the tempest in flight,
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!
The gray forest eagle — oh, where is he now,
While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?
There's a dark floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
With the speed of an arrow 't is shooting beneath;
Down, nearer and nearer, it draws to the gaze,
Now over the rainbow, — now blent with its blaze;
'T is the eagle! — the gray forest eagle! Once more
He sweeps to his eyry! — his journey is o'er!

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
But the gray forest eagle minds little his sway;
The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb;
But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud.
An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the gray forest eagle, that king of the sky!
When his shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, — deep heart-shaking terror, he brings;
Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,
There rustles his pinion, there echoes his shriek;

His eye flames with vengeance, he sweeps on his way,
And his talons are bathed in the blood of his prey.

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom ! When cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleamed fiercely and thunder-bolts rung,
How proud to the tempests those pinions were flung !
Though the wild blast of battle rushed fierce through the air
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there !
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on !
Till the rainbow of peace crowned the victory won !

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom ! Age dims not his eye,
He has seen earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die ;
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall ;
He mocks at time's changes, he triumphs o'er all ;
He has seen our own land with wild-forests o'erspread :
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head ;
And his presence will bless his own chosen clime,
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon time !

THE WOMEN OF SEGO.

MUNGO PARK.

I WAITED more than two hours without having an opportunity to cross the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chiefs, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country ; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night ; and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself.

This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found to my great mortification that no person would

admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree ; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among its branches.

About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her ; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said that she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out and returned in a short time with a very fine fish ; which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper.

The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women,

the rest joining in the chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive; the words, literally translated, were these: "The winds roared and the rains fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn." Chorus: "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," etc. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation, the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, — the only recompense I could make.

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner, from its wall, waved free its lily-flowers;
Ay, proudly did the banner wave, as queen of earth and air!
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds, in anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon, their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field their knighthood's best array.
'T was mournful when at feast they met, the wine-cup round to send,
For, each that touched it silently, then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil on the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber — dark with dreams of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry rose high to breast the storm,
And one, of all the loftiest there, thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman meekly bending o'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love, as the Virgin Mother's,
mild,

Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe, 'midst clash of spear and lance,
And a strange wild bower was thine, young queen ! fair Marguerite of France !

A dark and vaulted chamber, like a scene for wizard spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom of the warrior citadel,
And there 'midst arms the couch was spread, and with banners
curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel land, the gay Provençal shore !

For the bright queen of St. Louis, — the star of court and hall !
But the deep strength of the gentle heart wakes to the tempest's call ;
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold, his soul with grief oppressed,
Yet calmly lay she, desolate, with her babe upon her breast.

There were voices in the city, — voices of wrath and fear, —
" The walls grow weak ! the strife is vain ! we will not perish here !
Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent gleam o'er tower and bastion high !
Our distant homes are beautiful ! we stay not here to die ! "

They bore those fearful tidings to the sad queen where she lay,
They told a tale of wavering hearts, of treason and dismay ;
The blood rushed to her pearly cheek, the sparkle to her eye,
" Now call me hither those recreant knights from the bands of Italy ! "

Then, through the vaulted chamber, stern iron footsteps rang,
And heavily, the sounding floor gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her, — steel-clad men, moulded for storm and fight, —
But they quailed before the loftier soul in that pale aspect bright.

Yes ! as before the falcon shrinks the bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from the imperial glance of her — that fragile thing !
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high, through the din of arms around, —
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul, as a silver clarion's sound, —

"The honor of the Lily is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him who died on Calvary's
steep,
And the city which for Christian prayer hath heard the holy
bell; —
And is it these your hearts would yield to the godless infidel?"

"Then bring me here a breastplate and a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form, and on the ramparts die!
And the boy — whom I have borne for woe, but never for dis
grace —
Shall go within mine arms to death — meet for his royal race!"

"Look on him as he slumbers in the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and, with the Cross, forsake the princely babe of
France!
But tell your homes, you left one heart to perish undefiled!
A woman and a queen, to guard her honor and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves when winds are in
the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men roused to a loftier mood;
And her babe awoke to flashing swords, unsheathed in many a
hand,
As they gathered round the helpless one, again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, Lady, true to the Cross and thee!
The spirit of thy kindling words on every sword shall be.
Rest, with the fair child on thy breast! rest! we will guard
thee well!
St. Denis for the Lily-flower and the Christian citadel!"

THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

FRANCES BROWN.

Oh, the pleasant days of old! which so often people praise,
True they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days;
Bare floors were strewn with rushes, the walls let in the cold;
Oh, how they must have shivered, in those pleasant days of old!

Oh, those ancient lords of old! How magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings — to thwart them who
might dare?

They ruled their serfs quite sternly ; they took from Jews their gold —

Above both law and equity were those great lords of old !

Oh, the gallant knights of old ! for their valor so renowned ;
With sword and lance and armor strong they scoured the country round,

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they took the prize — those gallant knights of old !

Oh, the gentle dames of old ! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain ;

They lived on good beefsteak and ale, which made them strong and bold —

Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old !

Oh, those mighty towers of old with their turrets, moat, and keep,

Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep ;
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold ;

And many a captive languished there in those strong towers of old.

Oh, those troubadours of old ! with the gentle minstrelsy
Of hope and joy or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be ;
For years they served their lady loves ere they their passions told —

Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old !

Oh, those blessed times of old ! with their chivalry and state ;
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate ;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told —

But, heaven be thanked ! I live not in those blessed times of old !

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

A STORY TOLD BY THE CLOCK IN THE DEPOT.

(Abridged and Adapted.)

“THERE, Simmons, you blockhead ! Why did n't you trot that old woman aboard her train ? She 'll have to wait here now till the 1.05 A. M.”

"You did n't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you! 'T was only your stupid carelessness!"

"She —"

"She! you fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she has n't any wit. Besides, she is n't bound on a very jolly journey, — got a pass to the poorhouse. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mincemeat of you!" And our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming to a queer-looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw. "Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'T is only three o'clock now. You'll have to wait till the night train, which don't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir, one place is as good as another to me. Besides, I have n't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently, "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her hand.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going "East" came due; then every passenger left except the old lady, the ticket agent put on his great-coat, and, bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home. But he had no sooner gone

than that functionary stretched himself out on the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before. The fire had gone down, 'twas a cold night, and the wind howled dismally. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another; I looked; she had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face!

"I can't believe it!" she sobbed, wringing her thin white hands, "oh, I can't believe it! my babies! my babies! How often have I held them in my arms and kissed them! how often they used to say back to me, 'I'se love you, mamma!' And, now — O God! — they've turned against me! Where am I going? To the poorhouse! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!" And, sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer, — "O God! spare me this, and take me home! O God! spare me this disgrace! spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices icy-cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob, like something human that is hurt! Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Oh! how cold! only one lamp remained, burning dimly, the other two had gone out for want of oil; I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and lost the run of things after I had struck twelve; then some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room with glory. I could see 'twas a man. He

walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly round. I heard him say, — “ ’T is train time, ma’am, come ! ”

A look of joy came over her face. “ I ’m ready ! ” she whispered.

“ Then give me your pass, ma’am.”

She reached him a worn old book, which he took, and, from it, read aloud, — “ ‘ Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ That ’s the pass over our road, ma’am ; are you ready ? ” The light died away and darkness fell in its place. I struck one ; Simmons woke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded “ down brakes ! ” The train was coming. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman, — “ Wake up, marm, it ’s train time ! ”

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled. The up-train halted, the conductor shouted, — “ All aboard ! ” but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came he found her frozen to death ! They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out a verdict, — “ apoplexy,” — and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came ; so they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet. When I think of the occurrences of that night, I know that she went out on the “ other train ” that never stopped at the poorhouse.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

PHŒBE CAREY.

"Now, good wife, bring your precious hoard," the Norland farmer cried,

"And heap the hearth, and heap the board, for the blessed Christmas-tide;

And bid the children fetch," he said, "the last ripe sheaf of wheat,

And set it on the roof o'erhead, that the birds may come and eat.

And this we do for His dear sake, the Master kind and good,
Who, of the loaves He blest and brake, fed all the multitude."

Then Frederica and Franz and Paul, when they heard their father's words,

Put up the sheaf, and one and all seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed, the boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried, — "If Hansel were but here!"

And when, at dark, about the hearth they gathered still and slow,

You heard no more the childish mirth, so loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears shone in the flickering light;

For they were four in other years, who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone, as she speaks, she trembles, too, —

"Come, children, come! for the supper's done, and your father waits for you."

Then Frederica and Franz and Paul stood each beside his chair;

The boys were comely lads and tall, the girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave a grace before the meat,

When the daughter spake; her words were brave, but her voice was low and sweet, —

"Dear father, should we give the wheat to all the birds of the air?

Shall we let the kite and the ravens eat such choice and dainty fare?

For if to-morrow from our store we drive them not away,

The good little birds will get no more than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child!" he gravely said, "you have spoken to your shame!

For the good, good Father overhead feeds all the birds the same.
He hears the ravens when they cry, He keeps the fowls of the air,

And a single sparrow cannot lie on the ground without His care."

"Yea, father, yea! and tell me this,"—her words came fast and wild,—

"Are not a thousand sparrows less to Him than a single child? Even though it sinned and strayed from home?" The father groaned in pain

As she cried,— "Oh, let our Hansel come and live with us again! I know he did what was not right—" Sadly he shook his head; "If he knew I longed for him to-night, he would not come!" he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride; God shield him tenderly!

For I hear the wild wind cry outside, like a soul in agony!"

"Nay, it is a soul!" oh eagerly the maiden answered then!

"And, father, what if it should be he come back to us again?"

She stops—the portal open flies, her fear is turned to joy;

"Hansel!" the startled father cries, and the mother sobs,
"My boy!"

'T is a bowed and humbled man they greet, with loving lips and eyes,

Who fain would kneel at his father's feet, but he softly bids him rise;

And he says,— "I bless thee, oh mine own! yea, and thou shalt be blest!"

While the happy mother holds her son like a baby on her breast!

Their house and love again to share, the prodigal has come!

And now there will be no empty chair nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and pride safe back in the sheltered fold,

Of the Child that was born at Christmas-tide in Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away with loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day is alive with happy birds!

WAITING BY THE GATE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breezes' flight
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night ;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold now
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow ;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought,
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder, how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power :
I muse, while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amid the young and fair.

O glory of our race that so suddenly decays !
O crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze !
O breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then with-
drawn ;
But still the sun shines round me, the evening bird sings on ;
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly
shout.
O frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold, whose looks are blank with
fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dead faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart ;
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

LITTLE ELOISE.

JOSIAH M. FLETCHER.

It was a summer holiday ; as bright as ever shone ;
And pretty little Eloise had wandered forth alone ;
For there were roses in the vale, and blossoms on the trees,
And hunting wildwood flowers was the joy of Eloise.
In many a winding path she strayed, by bonny bank and
stream,
Until at length she laid her down and had a pleasant dream ;
And one, as young and fair as she, then took her by the hand
And led her far and far away unto a shining land.

And there the fields were carpeted with fresh and dewy flowers ;
And there a golden light was shed through all the gladsome
hours ;
And there such happy murmurs swelled from scenes so fresh
and fair,
It seemed as if a holy song was filling all the air.
And then he led her to a seat, — that little boy, her guide, —
And said that he was Willie dear, her brother who had died :
“ And now we are in heaven,” he said, “ and I have called you
here,
To show how very beautiful its blissful scenes appear.

“ It is your spirit that can see these wondrous things around,
And you will wake, and find you've been asleep upon the
ground.”

"T was thus that little Willie spake ; her little angel brother,
Half buried in the blooming flowers, they blessed and kissed
each other.

And then a mist came o'er her eyes and, waking from her dream,
She felt the breeze upon her cheek and heard the purling
stream ;

And running home, and staying not till she had found her
mother,

She climbed up into her lap and said,—“ Had I a little
brother ?

“ For while I was asleep to-day, he came to be my guide,
And said that he was Willie dear, my brother who had died ;
And 't was in heaven he said we were, and all was happy there.
He told me it was always bright and all its scenes were fair.
And twined within each other's arms we blessed and kissed
each other ;

Now can it be that I had once so sweet a little brother ? ”

Thus questioned little Eloise, with a delighted eye,
The while her mother's filled with tears, as thus she made
reply, —

“ Yes, darling child ! before your eyes had scanned this worldly
tide,

Our precious little Willie lived, our darling Willie died.
And if I dimly saw before that world so pure and blest,
Thy simple words, my child, have set my doubts and fears at
rest.”

And clasping then her darling girl with mother love so true,
As if in clasping Eloise she clasped her Willie too,
She seemed to see that bright world ope, and this world fade
away,

As did her darling Eloise upon that holiday.

ZENOBIA'S AMBITION.

WILLIAM WARE.

I AM charged with pride and ambition ; the charge
is true and I glory in its truth. Whoever achieved
anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not
ambitious ? Cæsar was not more ambitious than
Cicero ; it was but in another way. Let the ambi-

tion be but a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess, I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra but of the East. That I am; I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?

I am applauded by you all for what I have already done; you would not that it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy? and more, criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise and the power that can win? Rome has the West, let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right; — I would that the world were mine. I feel within the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon? I dwell where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces that I reign not more over you, than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose now that my ambition add another prov-

ince to our realm, is it evil? The kingdom already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war; they are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened and dug them deep and sure; prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.


This is no vain boasting, — receive it not so, good friends, — it is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself or less than just, breaks a law as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure and will bear it. But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat, — I love it. But I strive too, — you can bear me witness that I do, — that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

SMITING THE ROCK.

ANONYMOUS.

THE stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood;

She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold,
Mother and son ; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were known,
The mother convicted, and not the son.

There was the mother, — the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look and his head held high, 
Age had come over her, sorrow and care,
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize ;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence day ?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin,
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim,
But she had her boy and she toiled for him.

And he — he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there,
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt, — by captors found,
Ready to stand as he phrased it "game,"
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moistened prayers, where the tongue was weak ;
And she saw, through the mist of those bitter tears,
Only the child in his innocent years ;
She remembered him pure as a child might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see ;
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said,
"Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and dread ;

Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief ;
An idler and rioter and ruffian and thief.
The jury did right, for the facts were plain,
Denial is idle, excuses are vain,
The sentence the court imposes is, one — ”
“ Your Honor ! ” she cried, “ he ’s my only son ! ”

The tipstaves grinned at the words she spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke ;
But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame, —
“ Don’t laugh at my mother ! ” loud cries he,
“ You ’ve got me fast and can deal with me ;
But she ’s too good for your coward jeers,
And I ’ll — ” Then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head
And looked at him keenly, and then he said, —
“ We suspend the sentence : the boy can go ” ;
And the words were tremulous, forced, and low.
“ But say, ” — and he raised his finger then, —
“ Don’t let them bring you here again ;
There is something good in you yet I know,
I ’ll give you a chance — make the most of it — go ! ”

The twain went forth and the old judge said,
“ I meant to have given him a year instead ;
And perhaps it ’s a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well :
But a rock was struck in that callous heart,
From which a fountain of good may start ;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost.”

JUNE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AND what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and in flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by,
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark ! how clear bold chanticler,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;
 'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
 'T is the natural way of living ;
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
 In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake,
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
 The soul partakes of the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

(Abridged and Adapted.)

"PLEDGE with wine ! Pledge with wine ! Pledge with wine !" ran through the brilliant crowd.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone to his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe on the rules of etiquette ; in your own house do as you please, but in mine please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed a change in his habits, and now they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon. Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale but composed as, smiling back, she accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips ; but with a shudder she slowly carried the glass to arm's length and fixing her eyes upon it, as though it contained some hideous object, she cried, "Oh ! how terrible ! I see a lonely spot ; tall mountains rise in awful sublimity around ; a river

runs through and bright flowers grow to the water's edge; trees lofty and beautiful wave to the airy motions of the birds! I see a group of Indians! They flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form! But his cheek, how deathly! His eye, wild with the fire of fever! One friend kneels beside him and is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins! Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look! how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name! See him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul weeping for him in his distant native land! See! See! his arms are lifted to heaven! He prays, how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins! The friend beside him is weeping! Awe-stricken the dark men move silently and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor as she paused, standing yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Then in a voice, low, faint, yet awfully distinct, her eyes still fixed upon the wine-cup, she spoke again, —

"It is evening now. The great white moon is coming up and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister. Death is there! Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him! His head sinks back! One convulsive shudder! He is dead! Dead! And there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a

shroud, they lay him in the damp reeking earth. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister, — my father's son, my own twin brother, — a victim to this deadly poison. — Father! father! shall I drink this now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony, as in a smothered voice he faltered, "No! no! my child, in God's name! no!" She lifted the glittering goblet and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Then she said, — "Let no one who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison; and he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour and buried him there by the river in that land of gold, will I trust sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?" His glistening eyes, his sad sweet smile, were her answer.

The judge and many present forswore the social glass from that hour; for they can never forget the impression so solemnly made.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PIPES of the misty moorlands, voice of the glens and hills,
The droning of the torrents, the treble of the rills;
Not the braes of bloom and heather, nor the mountains dark
with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower, have heard your
sweetest strain!
Dear to the lowland reaper, and plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle the Scottish pipes are dear; —

Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch o'er mountain, loch, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music the pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent near and nearer circles swept.

"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—pray to-day!" the soldier said,

"To-morrow, death's between us and the wrong and shame we dread!"

Oh! they listened, looked, and waited, till their hope became despair!

And the sobs of low bewailing filled the pauses of their prayer!

Then up spake a Scottish maiden, with her ear unto the ground,—

"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? the pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning; hushed the wife her little ones;

Alone they heard the drum-roll and the roar of sepoy guns;
But to sounds of home and childhood the highland ear was true;—

As her mother's cradle-crooning, the mountain pipes she knew.
Like the march of soundless music through the vision of the seer,

More of feeling than of hearing, of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch, she knew the Campbell's call,
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's?—the grandest o' them all!"

Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless, and they caught the sound at last!

Faint and far, beyond the Goomtee, rose and fell the piper's blast!

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving mingled woman's voice and man's,—

"God be praised!—the march of Havelock! the piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance, sharp and shrill as swords at strife,

Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call, stinging all the air to life!

But when the far-off dust-cloud to plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely the pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow, Moslem mosque and
Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest, the air of "Auld Lang
Synel !"

O'er the cruel roll of war-drums rose that sweet and home-
like strain :

And the Tartan clove the turban, as the Goomtee cleaves the
plain,

Dear to the corn-land reaper and plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle the piper's song is dear,
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch o'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music, the pipes at Lucknow played !

OVER THE RIVER.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view ;
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's angel is waiting for me.

For none return from those distant shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing hill and river and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
And when perchance the well-known hail
Again shall echo along the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

(Rewritten and Adapted.)

I stood in the crowded street, the winter sun shone brightly, the keen northwest wind blew, as a little child — with bare feet, threadbare clothes, no cloak, no shawl, with a bundle in her hand — ran past me. She slipped and fell upon the sidewalk in front of a jeweller's store, just as a lady wrapped warmly in furs came out to enter her carriage. The child jumped up and was limping away with her bundle, when the lady, in a soft and tender tone, called, "Stop, little girl, stop! poor child! you are hurt!" — "No, no, I cannot," said the child, "I must hurry home.

I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must spangle these shoes to-night, or she will get no more work."—"To-night? to-night?" said the lady. "Yes, these satin slippers must be spangled for the great ball to-night."—"Let me see them," and the lady took the bundle and unrolled it. Why did her face flush, and then turn pale? "Where does your mother live?" The child told her, and continued, "Father is dead, and sometimes mother and baby brother and I are very hungry and cold. Mother binds shoes to buy bread for us, but sometimes there is no work to be had." The lady's eyes filled with tears, as she gave back the bundle to the girl, and murmured to herself, "Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!" But she gave nothing to the little girl, nothing whatever! and turned back into the jeweller's, emerged again in a few moments, entered her carriage—and drove away.

The poor shivering child ran on, and I followed. I saw her go down a narrow, damp street, into a dark, small room. I saw the mother, with a sweet and patient face, soothing her babe to rest, and when it slept on her lap, she took the bundle and began to work by the light of a dim candle, for though the sun shone, her room was too dark without the candle. And the child sat down to try to warm her bare feet by the scant fire, and to eat the crust her mother gave her from her small store. And the mother sat working on the spangled satin slipper; and as she worked, her eyes filled with tears, and she said in a subdued voice,—“Father, forgive me! for thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust thee!” I saw the door open softly, and some one entered,—was it an angel? She went to the bed and spread thick blankets upon it; then in the grate a huge fire was kindled; then upon the table a fresh loaf and sweet

milk were put ; then she went to the mother, and taking the slippers from her hands, placed a purse of money instead. Then she went out noiselessly as she had entered, murmuring, " Better than diamonds ! better than diamonds ! "

At night I attended the ball. I saw flowers and lights and music and dancing. I saw young, happy faces, and women, beautiful, richly dressed, sparkling with jewels, and one I saw, more lovely than all the others, clothed in white ; no diamonds sparkled on her dress, only a rosebud there ; no spangled slipper on her foot ; but a divine beauty on her face, — a beauty born of holy charity, that is " better than diamonds ! "

LEGEND OF THE ORGAN BUILDER.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

(Abridged.)

DAY by day the organ builder in his lonely chamber wrought,
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought,
Till at last the work was ended, and no organ voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay ! so rarely was it builded, that whenever groom and bride,
Who in God's sight were well pleasing, in the church stood
side by side,

Without touch or breath, the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed
to stray.

He was young, the organ builder, and o'er all the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame ;
All the maidens heard the story ; all the maidens blushed and
smiled ;

By his youth and wondrous beauty, and his great renown
beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding day was
set ; —

Happy day ! — the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet !

But, when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride,
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high
with pride.

"Ah!" thought he, "how great a master am I! when the
organ plays,
How the vast cathedral arches will re-echo with my praise!"
Up the aisle the gay procession moved; the altar shone afar
With its every candle gleaming through soft shadows like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or
prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.
All was silent; nothing heard he, save the priest's low
monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.
Then his lips grew white with anger; surely, God was pleased
with him,
Who had built the wondrous organ for his temple vast and dim;
Whose the fault then? hers — the maiden standing meekly at
his side.
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him —
his bride;
Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and truth,
On that very night he left her, to her anguish and her ruth.

.
Far he wandered, to a country wherein no man knew his name;
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath
and shame;
Then, his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought, by night
and day,
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray,
Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all complete,
And he longed with bitter longing just to fall down at her feet.

.
Ah! how throbbed his heart, when, after many a weary day
and night,
Rose his native towers before him, in the sunset glow alight;
Through the gates into the city, on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession — mourners following the dead.
"Now, why weep ye so, good people, and whom bury ye
to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the
way?"

Has some saint gone up to heaven ? ” — “ Yes,” they answered,
weeping sore,

“ For the organ-builder’s saintly wife our eyes shall see no more !
And because her days were given to the service of God’s poor,
From his church we mean to bury her. See yonder is the door.”

No one knew him, no one wondered, when he cried out white
with pain ;

No one questioned, when with pallid lips he poured his tears
like rain.

“ Tis some one whom she has comforted who mourns with
us,” they said,

As he made his way unchallenged and bore the coffin’s head ;
Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Set it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the
while ; —

When, oh, hark ! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare unearthly sweetness never heard until that
day ;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he, who bore the coffin’s
head,

With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it — dead !
They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by
his bride ;

Down the aisle, and o’er the threshold they were carried side
by side ;

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence — silence kept forevermore !

SANDALPHON, THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air ?

Have you read it, — the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory ?

Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
 With the song's irresistible stress,
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
 By music they throb to express ;
But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
 With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
 To sounds that ascend from below, —
From the spirits on earth that adore ;
From the souls that entreat and implore
 In the frenzy and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses
And weary with bearing the crosses
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
 Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.
It is but a legend, I know,
A fable, a phantom, a show
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars ;
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.
And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

LITTLE BELL.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he;
"What's your name? oh, stop and straight unfold!
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.
Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go?"
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped, you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,
Full of quips and wiles:
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.
And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow,
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he.
Little Bell sat down amid the fern,
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return!
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights dancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
 In the little lap dropped one by one ;
 Hark ! how blackbird pipes to see the fun !
 " Happy Bell ! " pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade,
 " Squirrel, squirrel, if you 're not afraid,
 Come and share with me ! "
 Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
 Down came bonny blackbird I declare ;
 Little Bell gave each his honest share :
 Ah ! the merry three !
 And the while these frolic playmates twain
 Piped, and frisked from bough to bough again,
 'Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow
 And shine out in happy overflow
 From the blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
 Knelt sweet Bell, with folded arms, to pray ;
 Very calm and clear
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.
 " What good child is this ? " the angel said,
 " That with happy heart beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly ? "
 Low and soft, oh ! very low and soft,
 Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 " Bell, dear Bell ! " crooned he,
 " Whom God's creatures love " ; the angel fair
 Murmured, " God doth bless with angel's care ;
 Child, thy bed shalt be
 Folded safe from harm ! love deep and kind
 Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee ! "

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN this world with its wild whirling passion and
 mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as

if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below, — the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victories on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, — “In Heaven’s name, no!” “Thy success?” Poor fellow! what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; No! not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement, and fearful imperilment of the victory, towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none. The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, — “See! Your Heaviest ascends!” But at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker’s first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed ; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become one day a part of England ; but he does hinder that it become on tyrannous, unfair terms a part of it ; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one, as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland. No ! because brave men rose there and said, — " Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves ; and ye shall not, and cannot ! "

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be ; but the truth of it is part of nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

THE HEALING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

(Abridged.)

It was night,
And softly o'er the sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,

Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
 The breaking waves played low upon the beach
 Their constant music, but the air beside
 Was still as starlight; and the Saviour's voice,
 In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
 Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
 Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
 With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
 He stood and taught the people. At his feet
 Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
 And staff; for they had waited by the sea
 Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
 For his wont teachings as he came to land.
 His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
 And the long curls from off his shoulder fell,
 As he leaned forward earnestly; and still
 The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
 And in his looks the same mild majesty,
 And in his mien the sadness mixed with power,
 Filled them with love and wonder.

Suddenly, as on his words entrancedly they hung,
 The crowd divided, and among them stood
 Jairus the ruler; with his flowing robe
 Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
 And fixed his eyes on Jesus; closer drew
 The twelve disciples to their Master's side,
 And silently the people shrunk away,
 And left the haughty ruler in the midst
 Alone. A moment longer on the face
 Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
 And as the twelve looked on him, by the light
 Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
 Steal to his silver beard; then drawing nigh
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
 Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
 Pressed it upon his lips and murmured low, —
 "Master! my daughter!"

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The same silvery light,
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
 Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,
 As at the door he stood and welcomed in
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still,
 As Jairus led them on; with hushing steps

He trod the winding stair, but ere he touched
 The latchet, from within a whisper came, —
 “Trouble the Master not — for she is dead !”
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
 And his step faltered, and his broken voice
 Choked in its utterance ; but a gentle hand
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
 The Saviour’s voice sank thrillingly, and low, —
 “She is not dead — but sleepeth.”

They passed in.

The silken curtains slumbered in their folds,
 Not even a tassel stirring in the air,
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
 And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard
 he quickening division of his breath ;
 As he grew earnest inwardly, there came
 A gradual brightness o’er his calm, sad face ;
 And drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
 The silken curtains silently apart,
 And looked upon the maiden. Like a form
 Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,
 And over it her white transparent hands,
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life ;
 And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins ;
 Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
 Upon her pillow, hid her round small ears
 In curls of glossy blackness ; and about
 Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung
 Like airy shadows floating as they slept,
 ’T was heavenly beautiful !

The Saviour raised

Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
 “Maiden, arise !” and suddenly a flush
 Shot o’er her forehead and along her lips,
 And through her cheek the rallied color ran ;
 Then the still outline of her graceful form
 Stirred in the linen vesture, and she clasped
 The Saviour’s hand, and, fixing her dark eyes
 Full on his beaming countenance — arose !

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name —
 “Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note —
 “Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 Look what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings —
 “Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat —
 “Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might —
 “Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are opened for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood —
 “ Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air —
 “ Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nests and nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes —
 “ Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink,
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

SUSETTE.

WALTER K. FOBES.

“OH, you foolish child ! to spend all the money you have saved to buy your wedding outfit, in order to bury a stingy, miserable old man that never has been anything but a burden to you.”

“ But I must give him a decent burial. He is my uncle, and the only relative I have known for years. Now that he is gone I ought surely to do what I can. It 's the last thing that I can do, and he was always very kind to me.”

“ Yes, I suppose you think so, Susette, but all

the kindness I have ever known him to do you since you have lived with me, has been to let you assist him with your money and your company whenever you felt inclined. Do you call that kindness?"

"Ah! he was poor, old, and friendless, and it seemed to cheer him so much in his lonely life."

"Perhaps so! But, Susette, what will you do as to your promise to my son? You were to marry him in two months, and if you spend all your money to bury your uncle, you cannot buy your wedding clothes, and my son will not consent to put off the wedding day."

"But I must do my duty!"

"Duty! I must say you have queer notions of duty. Let your uncle be buried by charity. But if you will persist in your duty, as you call it, you will have to leave your place here with me, for I want no such foolish woman in my employ. And you will find my son to be like his mother and not to be trifled with. He does not want a foolish wife, and he shall not marry you if I can prevent it."

"I am very sorry to hear you say that, but I must give my uncle a decent burial, even if I have to sell some things to get the money. I trust that it will be all for the best."

"Go your way, you stubborn girl! You will find it a hard world to live in with such ideas of duty and right. You will be back here asking for work, before long, but you will get none if you ask it. Go your way!"

Thus ended their talk. Susette's uncle had lived for years alone in a miserable attic in Paris, in the most abject poverty. She had at various times assisted him, although she was but a servant depending upon her small weekly wages for her own support. His death was sudden. It was hard to give

up her lover and her situation, but she did it. She sold some of her clothes, and using the money, with what she had saved, she buried her poor uncle in a quiet, peaceful grave. Then, having no other place to go, she returned to her uncle's dingy attic, and sat down on the side of the miserable bed to think what next to do. No home, no friends, no money, — what should she do? She wept — but hark! a foot-step on the stairs! a low knock! and then entered the employer of her former lover, a young man who said, — “Ah, Susette, here you are weeping alone, without money, friends, or home, and I have come to offer you all three.”

“Oh, sir, this is not a time for joking!”

“But, Susette, I am not joking. I want a wife; mother is ready to welcome you if you will consent.”

“Oh, sir, what can you want of a poor girl, friendless and penniless, as I am?”

“Ah, Susette, I know what a treasure I shall gain if you will but say yes. Do come, Susette, mother is waiting to welcome you home.”

“Mother! home! oh! how pleasant those words sound! Yes, I believe you are sincere, and I will come. But I must have some memento of my uncle. There is his stuffed cat he loved to look at so much. When she was alive she was a great favorite of his. Take it down from the shelf, and we will carry it away.”

“Why, it's very heavy, Susette, it must be stuffed with lead.”

“Heavy? I should think it would be very light. Let me take it.”

“Be careful and not drop it. There it goes! Look, look, the floor is covered with louis d'ors! Why, Susette, you are rich!”

And so it proved. On counting the money it was

found that the cat had a little more than a thousand louis in her. Susette, being the only relative, was heir to the money. Her deed of charity was thus unexpectedly rewarded. The bread cast upon the waters had returned after few days.

DOWN THE TRACK.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

(An actual incident.)

IN the deepening shades of twilight stood a maiden young and fair,
Rain-drops gleamed on cheek and forehead, rain-drops glistened in her hair;
Where the bridge had stood at morning yawned a chasm deep and black;
Faintly came the distant rumbling from the train far down the track.

Paler grew each marble feature, faster came each frightened breath,
Charlie kissed her lips at morning, now, was rushing down to death!
Must she stand and see him perish? angry waters answer back;
Louder comes the distant rumbling from the train far down the track.

At death's door faint hearts grow fearless; miracles are sometimes wrought,
Springing from the heart's devotion in the forming of a thought.
From her waist she tears her apron, flings her tangled tresses back,
Working fast and praying ever, for the train far down the track.

See! a lurid spark is kindled, right and left she flings the flame,
Turns and glides with airy fleetness downward toward the coming train;
Sees afar the red eye gleaming through the shadows still and black, —
Hark! a shriek prolonged and deafening! they have seen her down the track!

Onward comes the train now slower ; but the maiden, where is
 she ?
 Flaming torch and flying footsteps, fond eyes gaze in vain to
 see !
 With a white face turned to heaven, all the sunny hair thrown
 back,
 There they found her, one hand lying, crushed and bleeding,
 on the track.

Eager faces bent above her, wet eyes pitied, kind lips blessed,
 But she saw no face but Charlie's, 't was for him she saved the
 rest !
 Gold they gave her from their bounty, but her sweet eyes wan-
 dered back
 To the face whose love will scatter roses all along life's track !

IF I WERE A VOICE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

If I were a voice — a persuasive voice —
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the wings of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.
 I'd fly — I'd fly o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale or singing a song,
 In praise of the right — in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice — a consoling voice —
 I'd fly on the wings of air,
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair.
 I'd fly — I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men
 And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice — a convincing voice —
 I'd travel with the wind,
 And whenever I saw the nations torn
 By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind,

I'd fly — I'd fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
And all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice — a pervading voice —
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right —
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd swifter fly than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard —
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice — an immortal voice —
I'd speak in the people's ear,
And whenever they shouted "Liberty"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly — I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the world rejoice —
If I were a voice — an immortal voice.

TWO.

ANONYMOUS.

IN the bitter gloom of a winter's morn, — a babe was born! The snow piled high against wall and door, on the mighty oak boughs the frost lay hoar; but warmth and light shrined the happy face, so softly pillowed with down and lace. The bells clashed out from the reeling spire; the night was reddened by many a fire; the cottage smiled for joy at the hall, as the poor man answered the rich man's call; and his lot for a day was less forlorn, — because a little child was born!

IN the bitter gloom of a winter's morn, — a babe was born! The snow piled high in the narrow

street, trodden and stained by hurrying feet ; on the hearth the embers lay cold and dead ; and the woman, who crouched on the damp straw bed, muttered a curse, as the drunken sport swelled up to her lair from the crowded court ; riot without, and squalor within, to welcome a waif to a world of sin ; and a pitiful life was the more forlorn, — because a little child was born !

In a smiling home, amid sun and flowers, — a child grew up ! Calm and beauty and culture and wealth to give power to life and grace to health ; gentle influence, thought and care to train the darling to love and prayer ; the stately heirlooms of place and blood to crown the flowers of maidenhood ; with childhood's pearly innocence kept on the folded leaves where the sunshine slept ; so sweetly and richly formed the cup life held, — where the happy girl grew up !

Where "home" was a vague and empty word, — a child grew up ! Where oath and blow were the only law, and ugly misery all she saw ; where want and sin drew hand in hand round the haunts that disgrace our Christian land ; a loveless, hopeless, joyless life of crime and wretchedness, struggle and strife ; never a glimpse of the sweet spring skies to soften the flash in the wild young eyes ; or a drop of peace in the poisoned cup life held, — where the reckless girl grew up !

On a summer eve as the low sun set, — a woman died ! At the close of a long and tranquil life, honored and guarded, mother and wife ; with gentle hands whose work was done, and gentle head whose crown was won ; with children's children at her knee, and friends who watched her reverently ; knowing her memory would remain treasured, by grief that scarce was pain ; with her heart's dearest

at her side, blessing and blest, — the woman died !

On a summer eve as the low sun set, — a woman died ! She had fought the failing fight so long, but time was cruel and hard and strong ; without a faith, without a prayer, with none to aid, and none to care ; without a trace upon the page from desperate youth to loathsome age, but sin and sorrow, wrong and chance, and bitter blank of ignorance ; with not a hand to help or save ; without a hope beyond the grave ; tossed in the black stream's rushing tide ; unmourned, unmissed, — the woman died !

And we 're all akin, runs the kindly creed ;
Oh ! the riddle of life is hard to read !

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

R. COATES.

DARK is the night ! how dark ! no light, no fire,
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire ;
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledged her love — last year a bride.

" Hark ! 'tis his footstep ! No ! 't is past ! 'tis gone !
Tick, — tick, — how wearily the time crawls on !
Why should he leave me thus ? He once was kind,
And I believed 't would last — how mad ! how blind !

" Rest thee, my babe, rest on ! — 't is hunger's cry !
Sleep, — for there is no food, — the fount is dry,
Famine and cold their wearying work have done :
My heart must break ! and thou ? " — the clock strikes " One."

" Hush ! 't is the dice-box ! yes, he 's there, he 's there !
For this — for this he leaves me to despair !
Leaves love ! leaves truth ! — his wife, his child, — for what ?
The wanton's smile ! the villain ! and the sot !

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 't is all in vain!
 'T is long to wait, but sure he'll come again;
 And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
 My child! his child! Oh, fiend!" — the clock strikes "Two!"

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! the blast howls by!
 Moan! moan! a dirge sweeps through the cloudy sky!
 Ha! 't is his knock! he comes — he comes once more!
 'T is but the lattice flaps — my hope is o'er!"

"Can he desert me thus? he knows I stay
 Night after night in loneliness to pray
 For his return, — and yet he sees no tear;
 No! no! it cannot be! he will be here.

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart,
 Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! but we will not part!
 Husband! I die! — Father! — it is not he!
 Oh, heaven, protect my child!" — the clock strikes "Three!"

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled,
 The wife and child are numbered with the dead;
 On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
 The child lies frozen on its mother's breast.
 The gambler came at last — but all was o'er —
 Dead silence reigned around, — he groaned, — the clock struck
 "Four!"

BABIE BELL.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours?
 The gates of heaven were left ajar;
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes
 Wandering out of paradise
 She saw this planet like a star
 Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
 Its bridges running to and fro,
 O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
 She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet,

So light they did not bend the bells
 Of the celestial asphodels !
 They fell like dew upon the flowers ;
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet —
 And thus came dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours !

She came and brought delicious May,
 The swallows built beneath the eaves ;
 Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
 The robins went the livelong day ;
 The lily swung its noiseless bell ;
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine ;
 How sweetly, softly twilight fell !
 Oh ! earth was full of singing birds,
 And opening spring-tide flowers
 When the dainty Babie Bell
 Came to this world of ours !

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell !
 How fair she grew from day to day !
 What woman-nature filled her eyes !
 What poetry within them lay !
 Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright,
 As if she stood within the light
 Of those oped gates of Paradise !
 And so we loved her more and more ;
 Ah ! never in our hearts before
 Was love so lovely born !
 We felt we had a link between
 This real world and that unseen —
 The land beyond the morn !
 And for the love of those dear eyes,
 For love of her whom God led forth,
 The mother's being ceased on earth
 When Babie came from paradise ;
 For love of him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
 We said, " Dear Christ ! " — our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

• • • • •
 And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,

Were rich in autumn's mellow prime ;
 The clustered apples burnt like flame,
 The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
 The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
 The grapes hung purpling in the grange ;
 And time wrought just as rich a change

In little Babie Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
 And in her features we could trace,
 In softened curves, her mother's face ;
 Her angel nature ripened too ;
 We thought her lovely when she came,
 But she was holy, saintly now,
 Around her pale, angelic brow
 We saw a slender ring of flame !

God's hand had taken away the seal
 That held the portals of her speech,
 And oft she said a few strange words
 Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
 She never was a child to us,
 We never held her being's key ;
 We could not teach her holy things,
 She was Christ's self in purity !
 It came upon us by degrees,
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,
 The knowledge that our God had sent
 His messenger for Babie Bell.
 We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
 And all our hopes were changed to fears,
 And all our thoughts ran into tears,
 Like sunshine into rain ;
 We cried aloud in our belief, —
 " Oh ! smite us gently, gently, God !
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
 And perfect grow through grief ! "
 Ah ! how we loved her, God can tell !
 Her heart was folded deep in ours,
 Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell !

At last he came, — the messenger, —
 The messenger from unseen lands ;
 And what did dainty Babie Bell ?
 She only crossed her little hands,
 She only looked more meek and fair !
 We parted back her silken hair,

We wove the roses round her brow, —
White buds "the summer's drifted snow," —
Wrapped her from head to foot in flowers;
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

LITTLE BENNY.

ANONYMOUS.

I HAD told him Christmas morning, as he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me, with a face demure and mild,
That Santa Claus who filled them did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be dood, won't we, moder?" and from off my lap
he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies in the crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table, where a tempting goblet
stood,
Brimming high with dainty custard, sent me by a neighbor
good.

But the kitten, there before me, with his white paw, nothing
loath,
Sat, by way of entertainment, slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor, at the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled; gathering up the pre-
cious store
He had busily been pouring in his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me, sprang he from the
carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant, all a baby's sense of right, —

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly, as he held his apron
white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit!" but the door was
fastened tight;
So he stood abashed and silent in the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse, quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes watched the flames go higher
and higher,

In a brave clear voice, he shouted, like some lordly little elf, —
“ Santa Caus, come down ze chimney, make my moder ’have
hersef ! ”

“ I will be a good girl, Benny,” said I, feeling the reproof,
And straightway recalled poor Harney, mewing on the gallery
roof;

Soon the anger was forgotten, laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled ’neath the live-oaks till the dusky night
came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber, Harney purred beneath my
chair,

And my play-worn boy beside me knelt to say his evening
prayer, —

“ God bess fader, God bess moder, God bess sister,” — then a
pause,

And the sweet young lips devoutly murmured, “ God bess
Santa Caus ! ”

He is sleeping ; brown and silken lie the lashes long and meek,
Like carressing, clinging shadows, on his plump and peahcy
cheek,

And I bend above him weeping thankful tears, — O undefiled !
For a woman’s crowning glory ! for the blessing of a child !

VICTIMS AND VICTIMIZERS.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

I THINK we cannot too sharply draw the line
between what really is our duty, and what other
people choose to suppose it is, — probably each
person having a different opinion on the subject.
We are apt to start in life with a grand idea of self-
sacrifice, and a heroic sense of the joy of it. Ay !
and there is a joy, deeper than the selfish can ever
understand, delight keener than the pleasure loving

can ever know, — in spending and being spent for our best-beloved, or even in the mere abstract help of the good and defence of the miserable, — that “enthusiasm of humanity” as a great writer called it, which is at the heart of all religion, the love of man springing from the love of God.

Yet, alas ! ere long we come to fear that there are sacrifices which turn out to be sheer mistakes, ruining ourselves and profiting nobody ; that unselfishness carried to an extreme only makes other people selfish ; that “the fear of man bringeth a snare” ; and that to embitter one’s whole life through a weak dread of offending this person who has no right to be offended, or of not doing one’s duty to that person who has the very smallest claim to any duty at all, is — well ! I will not call it wrong, because it is a failing that leans to virtue’s side ; but it is — simply silly.

To withstand evil is as necessary as to do good. And if we withstand it for others, why not withstand it for ourselves ? Every time that we weakly suffer a needless wrong, we abet and encourage the inflictor in perpetrating it. By becoming passive and uncomplaining victims, we tacitly injure the victimizers. They can but kill our bodies, — as they sometimes do by most amiable and unconscious murder, slow and sure, — but we may kill their souls by allowing them, unresisted, to go on in some course of conduct which must result in their gradual deterioration and moral death. It may be a theory, — startling enough to some people, but warranted by a good long observation of life, — if I say that one half of the self-sacrifices of this world — the endless instances in which we see the good are immolated to the bad, the weak to the strong, the self-forgetting to the exacting and tyrannical — spring not from heroism, but cowardice.

We have had too many angels in this world, and we know little enough of the angelic host above ; but the angel who always most attracted my youthful imagination was St. Michael, the strong, the war-like, the wrestler with the powers of evil. That we should so wrestle with the evil, even to our last breath, is as necessary as that we should cling to good ; and, lovely as love may be, there is another, a blindfold woman with balance and scales, still more beautiful. Justice is a great deal more difficult to find than mercy, and rarer.

And justice would say to these victims, — hopeless victims many, for they are not only too weak to struggle against, but they actually love their victimizers, — “ Pause and consider whether there is not something beyond either love or hatred, — that sense of simple right and wrong, which, when not corrupted or set aside, is inherent in every human soul. Fear God and have no other fear ; serve God and every other service will sink into its right proportions. ‘ For one is your Master, even Christ ; and all ye are brethren ’ ” ; and, if we really are brethren, let us try to be neither victims or victimizers.

HILDA SPINNING.

ANONYMOUS.

SPINNING, spinning, by the sea, all the night !
 On a stormy, rock-ribbed shore,
 Where the north winds downward pour,
 And the tempests fiercely sweep
 From the mountains to the deep,
 Hilda spins beside the sea, all the night !

Spinning at her lonely window by the sea !
 With her candle burning clear
 Every night of all the year,

And her sweet voice crooning low
Quaint old songs of love and woe,
Spins she at her lonely window by the sea !

On a bitter night in March, long ago !
Hilda, very young and fair,
With a crown of golden hair,
Watched the tempest raging wild,
Watched the roaring sea and smiled
Through that woful night in March, long ago !

What though all the winds were out in their might !
Richard's boat was tried and true,
Stanch and brave his hardy crew,
Strongest he to do or dare ;
Said she breathing forth a prayer, —
“ He is safe though winds are out in their might ! ”

But at length the morning dawned still and clear !
Calm in azure splendor lay
All the waters of the bay,
And the ocean's angry moans
Sank to solemn undertones,
As at last the morning dawned still and clear !

With her waves of golden hair floating free,
Hilda ran along the shore
Gazing off the waters o'er,
And the fishermen replied,
“ He will come in with the tide ! ”
As they saw her golden hair floating free !

Ah ! he came in with the tide — all alone !
Tossed upon the shining sands,
Ghastly face, and clutching hands,
Sea-weed tangled in his hair,
Bruised and torn his forehead fair ;
Thus he came in with the tide — all alone !

Hilda watched beside her dead, day and night !
Of those hours of mortal woe
Human ken may never know ;
She was silent, and his ear
Kept the secret close and dear,
Of her watch beside the dead, day and night !

What she promised in the darkness, none can tell !
 But, upon that rock-ribbed shore,
 Burns a beacon evermore ;
 And beside it, all the night,
 Hilda guards the lonely light ;
 Though what vowed she in the darkness, none can tell !

Spinning, spinning by the sea, all the night !
 While her candle gleaming wide,
 O'er the restless rolling tide,
 Guides with steady changeless ray
 The lone fisher up the bay,
 Hilda spins beside the sea, all the night !

Fifty years of patient spinning by the sea !
 Old and worn she sleeps to-day,
 While the sunshine gilds the bay ;
 But her candle shining clear
 Every night of all the year
 Still is telling of her spinning by the sea !

BUNKER HILL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Abridged.)

I HAD heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle ;
 Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still,
 But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before
 me,
 When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's
 hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning when the first thing gave
 us warning,
 Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore ;
 "Child," says grandma, "what's the matter? What is all this
 noise and clatter ?
 Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once
 more ?"

.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer — nearer —
nearer,

When a flash — a curling smoke wreath — then a crash — the
steeples shakes —

The deadly truce is ended, the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning cloud it gathered, like a thunder cloud it breaks,

Oh, the sight our eyes discover, as the blue-black smoke blows
over;

The redcoats stretched in windrows, as a mower rakes his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying,
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray,

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! They are beat — it
can't be doubted!

God be thanked! the fight is over!" — ah! the grim old
soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us, why you look so?" (we could hardly speak
we shook so).

"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? Are they beaten?" —
"Wait a while!"

Oh, the trembling and the terror, for too soon we saw our
error;

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them back in
vain!

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that
were tattered,

Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once as we are gazing, lo! the roofs of Charlestown
blazing!

They have fired the harmless village! in an hour it will be
down!

The Lord in heaven confound them, rain His fire and brim-
stone round them!

The robbing, murdering redcoats, that would burn a peaceful
town!

They are marching stern and solemn, we can see each massive
column,

As they near the naked earth-mound, with the slanting walls
so steep;

Have our soldiers got faint hearted, and in noiseless haste
departed?

Are they panic struck and helpless? Are they palsied or
asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! Scarce a rod the foes
asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! Up the earth-work they
will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous
calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the
storm.

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the
water,
Fly Piggot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for! It's their barges they
have run for!
They are beaten, beaten, beaten, and the battle's over now!"

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

(Abridged and adapted.)

AT a certain town-meeting the question of licensing certain persons to sell liquor was discussed. Strange to say, the clergymen, the physician, and the deacon, all favored it. One man spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from a corner of the room a miserable woman who was thinly clad and whose appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and her arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice she called on all to look upon her, then in tones that went to every heart she cried, —

"Yes! yes! look upon me and then hear me! All that the last speaker has said as to temperate drinking being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declare its truth. All drinking alcoholic poison as a beverage is excess. Look

upon me ! You all know me, or once did. You all know that I was once mistress of the best farm in the town ; you all know, too, I had one of the best, the most devoted of husbands ; you all know that I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now ? Doctor, where are they now ? You all know ! You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard, all, all, all filling drunkards' graves !

“They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe ; that excess alone ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. ‘They quoted you, and you, and you,’ pointing with her bony finger to minister, deacon, and doctor, ‘as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw with dismay and horror the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects. I felt that we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow. I tried to break the spell — the delusive spell in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed, but the odds were against me. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God. The deacon, who sits under the pulpit there and took our farm to pay his rum bill, sold them the poison. The doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape. And one after another they were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard.

“Now look at me again ! You probably see me for the last time ! I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home — your poorhouse — to warn you all ! To warn you, deacon ! To warn

you, 'false teacher of God's word!' To warn you, doctor! To warn you all! All! I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God; I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!" The woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly. The minister, the deacon, the physician, hung their heads. And when the presiding officer put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous answer was "No!"

ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array;
 Who is losing? Who is winning? Are they far? Or come
 they near?
 Look abroad and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
 hear?

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
 Blood is flowing! Men are dying!—God have mercy on
 their souls!"
 Who is losing? Who is winning? "Over hill and over
 plain,
 I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
 rain."

Holy mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once
 more!
 "Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
 Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and
 horse,
 Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its moun-
 tain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled
 away;
 And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels!
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels!

"Jesu pity! How it thickens! Now retreat, and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders! horse and foot together fall:
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball!"

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on!
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us! who has lost and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not! friend and foe together fall!
O'er the dying, rush the living: pray! my sisters! for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting! Blessed Mother! save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain!
Now they stagger blind and bleeding! now they fall, and strive to rise!
Hasten, sisters, haste! and save them! lest they die before our eyes!

"Oh, my heart's love! Oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee!
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? Canst thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Bernal! look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er."

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena! lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one! the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;

But as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt!

With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away her
head!

With a sad and bitter feeling, looked she back upon her dead!
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again!

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly
smiled;

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her
child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart sup-
plied;

With a kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and
died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy! who led thee forth
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother weeping lonely in the
North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her
dead,

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which
bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountain, leaving blood and death
behind!

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy! in the dust the wounded
strive!

Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, for-
give!"

Sink, O Night! among thy mountains! Let the cool-gray
shadows fall!

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle
rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and
lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them, in a strange and Northern
tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours!
Upward through its blood and ashes spring afresh the Eden
flowers!
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer!
And still thy white-winged angels hover daily in our air!

THE OLD CLOCK.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footsteps fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood;

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime!
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain, —
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death and time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here!
The horologue of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
“Forever — never! never — forever!”

TELESILLA.

(Rewritten and adapted.)

ARGOS was besieged. The Lacedemonians thundered at its gates and battered at its walls. Argos had made a brave defence. Six thousand of her sons fiercely fighting to save the city had nobly died. The old men had been called upon and had responded with a will to do, but alas! with quickly waning strength. To whom should they now look for succor? They knew not. The inhabitants were in despair. They would be taken prisoners and made the slaves of their conquerors, the fierce Lacedemonians. Now Argos must fall! And then, — when all was dark, when not a ray of light seemed to pierce the menacing cloud that threatened to burst over their beloved city, — what voice was it that whispered hope and filled all with courage? It was the voice of one of Argos' gifted daughters, the poetess Telesilla. It seemed to the despairing people an inspiration from on high. And what did she do?

She called the women to her, and thus addressed them: "Women of Argos, our city is being bravely defended by those that remain of its noble sons. But alas! they are too few to long defend our walls, for the enemy are numerous. Argos must soon fall before the assaults of the foe, unless the women take up arms, mount its walls, and repel the invader! You have brave hearts, and I call upon you to go with me to the combat!" At this, forth they rushed, and collecting whatever instruments of war they could find in the private houses, in the temples, and wherever they could procure them, they followed her lead to the walls. There they fought with such valor

and determination that the enemy was repulsed with great slaughter. The Lacedemonians would not acknowledge defeat, but they deemed themselves too brave to fight with women; and to gain a victory over them, they thought would not be deemed a test of courage and daring. If they were to fight, they must fight with men. So they raised the siege and departed. Argos was overjoyed! The praise of the noble women who had saved their beloved city was universal; both those who fell in battle, and those who survived, were highly honored. To Telesilla, the leader, the heroine, the poet, the woman, a statue was erected in the temple of Venus.

Thus was a noble courage and presence of mind rewarded. Says a writer: "Although this valuable quality of the mind is not in the present day so remarkable a feature in the female character as formerly, there are not few opportunities for its display. Women are not now indeed called upon, like the heroines of past ages, to lead armed troops to the field of battle, but many trying circumstances might be enumerated, where courage is indispensably necessary to enable them to fulfil their duty with becoming fortitude and heroism; and

' Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success.' "

MAD LUCE.

ANONYMOUS.

ALONG the hollow reaches, where the ripples curve on the
sand,
Or float the crimson sea-weeds that wreath on the rocky
strand,
Over the frowning headlands, when the heather is all aglow,
And the breakers crash 'neath the rugged cliffs, as the great
tides come and go,

Out on the pier when the thundering surf thrills all the startled
air, —

She wanders, the woman with wild blue eyes, wan face, and
grizzled hair ;

Passing amid the merry groups, where the happy children
play,

Passing where sturdy fishermen push their cobbles out through
the spray,

Passing where round the lighthouse the gathering sailors watch
The gleam on the warning crest of the Nab, or the tossing
bark to catch ;

And still to the wandering questioner, the fisher-folk will use
To answer quickly and carelessly, " It is only old Mad Luce ! "

Should a pitying stranger ask of her, forever the pale lips say
While all the while the weary eyes are gazing over the bay, —
" The sea ! I always loved it, since a bairn by its side I played,
Since down there by the Lecta Rock I and my Willie strayed ;
I said I would never have a home, but stood on the sounding
shore,

Nor eat, nor sleep, nor work, nor live, where I could not hear
its roar.

" 'Thou 'lt have to pay the tribute, lass,' I mind my mother
said ;

Ay, I told him, as we kissed and laughed, the day that we
were wed.

He said he 'd strive to earn it ; but a costlier fee, I wot,
Than all his wage, was my good man's life, that the great sea
sought and got.

I sat with our baby at my breast by his headstone up on the
hill,

And heard the waves who kept his wake ; and yet I loved them
still.

" I wrought and hard for our bonnie bairn ; and whenever the
day was passed,

We 'd creep where the sea lay rosy bright as sunset shadows
were cast ;

And we 'd listen to hear his dadda call amid the calling surf,
And fling him the pink-tipped daisies that grew on the
churchyard turf.

And I thought we might wait together, till life and its tasks
were done ;

But the sea would have its dues in full, and it took my bold
one son.

"For he was never easy till the men would take him afloat;
I think they brought me back his cap, when they found the
broken boat;

But I cannot tell; the fever got hold of my brain and me.
Yet, I hear him talk with Willie in the whispering of the sea;
And when the foam is flying fast and fierce northeasters blow,
I wait to hear them summon me, that am so fain to go.

"I dare n't lie down in its arms and die; for I know the priest
has said,

'They who will not wait God's time on earth, in heaven must
seek their dead';

But I've never murmured or complained of the sea I've
loved so long,

And I let it take its tribute and never thought of a wrong.

And may be some day its soft white surf, just for my patience'
sake,

Will lap me round and waft me away, with Willie and George
to wake."

And so, along the sounding shore, and under the beetling cliffs,
While the soft wind ruffles the sea's broad breast, and speeds
the glancing skiffs,

With yearning gaze on the long, bright heave, or the wave
that gathers and breaks,

Her lonely way with her desolate hope the weary wanderer
takes;

And still in the calm indifference that is born of wont and use
The idlers look and smile and say, "It is only old Mad Luce!"

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

WILL CARLETON.

LITTLE Golden-hair was watching, in the window broad and
high,

For the coming of her father, who had gone the foe to fight;
He had left her in the morning, and had told her not to cry,

But to have a kiss already when he came home at night.

She had wondered all the day, in her simple childish
way,

And had asked as time went on, where her father
could have gone?

She had heard the muskets firing, she had counted every one
Till the number grew so many that it was too great a load;
Then the evening fell upon her, clear of sound of shot or gun,
And she gazed with wistful waiting down the dusty Concord
road.

Little Golden-hair had listened, not a single week before,
While the heavy sand was falling on her mother's coffin-lid;
And she loved her father better for the loss that then she bore,
And she thought of him and yearned for him, whatever else
she did.
So she wondered all the day what could make her
father stay,
And she cried a little too, as he 'd told her not to do.

And the sun sank slowly downward and went grandly out of
sight;
And she had the kiss all ready, on his lips to be bestowed;
But the shadows grew to shadow, and the twilight grew to
night,
And she looked and looked, and listened, down the dusty
Concord road.

Then the night grew light and lighter, and the moon rose full
and round,
In the little sad face peering, looking piteously and mild;
Still upon the walks of gravel there was heard no welcome
sound,
And no father came there eager, for the kisses of his child.
Long and sadly did she wait, listening at the cottage
gate;
Then she felt a quick alarm, lest he might have come
to harm.

With no bonnet but her tresses, no companion but her fears,
And no guide except the moonbeams that the pathway dimly
showed,
With a little throb of sorrow, quick she wiped away her tears,
And alone she bravely started down the dusty Concord
road.

And for many a mile she struggled, full of weariness and pain,
Calling loudly on her father, that her voice he might not
miss;

Till at last, among a number of the wounded and the slain,
Was the white face of the soldier, waiting for his daughter's
kiss.

Softly to his lips she crept, not to wake him as he
slept,

Then, with her young heart at rest, laid her head upon
his breast.

And upon the dead face smiling, with the living one near by,
All the night a golden streamlet of the moonbeams gently
flowed;

One to live a lonely orphan, one beneath the sod to lie, —

There they found them in the morning, on the dusty Concord
road.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"HANDSOME is that handsome does, — hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. "What is good-looking," as Horace Smith remarks, "but looking good?" Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration; loving and pleasant associations will gather about you.

Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you; that mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy; there the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's

daughter of you can be beautiful! You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness, and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sang their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, "Who had no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn."

Oh! talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness. This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the Virgin Mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment, with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity, — Heaven's crowning miracle, with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, — how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions are all attuned to the divine harmony, — "spirits moving

musically to a lute's well-ordered law," — do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance? "I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, "The Journal of John Woolman," there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a divine harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome, that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

(Founded on an old French Legend.)

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE fettered spirits linger in purgatorial pain
With penal fires effacing their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow had tried to cleanse in vain.
Yet on each feast of Mary their sorrow finds release,
For the great Archangel Michael comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites is called "Our Lady's
Peace."

Yet once — so runs the legend — when the Archangel came,
 And all these holy spirits rejoiced at Mary's name,
 One voice alone was wailing, still wailing on the same ;
 And though a great Te Deum the happy echoes woke,
 This one discordant wailing through the sweet voices broke ;
 So when St. Michael questioned, thus the poor spirit spoke, —

“ I am not cold or thankless, although I still complain ;
 I prize Our Lady's blessing, although it comes in vain
 To still my bitter anguish or quench my ceaseless pain.
 On earth a heart that loved me, still lives and mourns me
 there,

And the shadow of his anguish is more than I can bear ;
 All the torment that I suffer is the thought of his despair.
 The evening of my bridal, Death took my life away ;
 Not all love's passionate pleading could gain an hour's delay ;
 And he I left has suffered a whole year since that day.
 If I could only see him, — if I could only go
 And speak one word of comfort and solace, — then I know
 He would endure with patience, and strive against his woe.”

Thus the Archangel answered, “ Your time of pain is brief,
 And soon the peace of Heaven will give you full relief ;
 Yet if his earthly comfort so much outweighs your grief,
 Then through a special mercy I offer you this grace, —
 You may seek him who mourns you, and look upon his face,
 And speak to him of comfort, for one short minute's space ;
 But when that time is ended, return here and remain
 A thousand years in torment, a thousand years in pain ;
 Thus dearly must you purchase the comfort he will gain.”

The lime-tree's shade at evening is spreading broad and wide ;
 Beneath their fragrant arches pace slowly side by side,
 In low and tender converse, a Bridegroom and his Bride.
 The night is calm and stilly, no other sound is there,
 Except their happy voices ; — what is that cold bleak air
 That passes through the lime-trees, and stirs the Bridegroom's
 hair ?

While one low cry of anguish, like the last dying wail
 Of some dumb-hunted creature, is borne upon the gale ;
 Why does the Bridegroom shudder and turn so deadly pale ?

Near Purgatory's entrance the radiant angels wait ;
 It was the great St. Michael who closed that gloomy gate
 When the poor wandering spirit came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel; "Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit, for Heaven is yours at last!
In that one minute's anguish your thousand years have past!"

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls;
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulkily mute.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried, gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed, like a monster, on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,

So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane,
With a school-boy who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee;
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro, —
But lo! night came, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done!

THE ROBBER.

(From the German.)

ON the lone deserted cross-road, under the high crucifix, stands the robber, slyly lurking; in his hand his naked sabre, and his rifle, heavy-loaded. For the merchant he would plunder, who, with his full weight of money, with his garments, and his rare wines, comes to-day home from the market. Down already has the sun sunk, and the moon peers through the cloudlets, and the robber stands awaiting, under the high crucifix.

Hark! a sound like angel voices! soft, low-sighing, deep entreaty, coming clear as evening bells, borne through the still atmosphere! sweet with unaccustomed accent, steals a prayer upon his ear; and he stands and listens anxious, — “O thou Guide of the deserted! O thou Guardian of the lost ones! bend, O bend Thine heavenly face, clear as sunlight softly

smiling, down on us, four little ones! Fold, O fold Thine arms of mercy, which were on the cross extended, like two wings around our father; that no storm destroy his pathway; that his good steed may not stumble; that the robber, still and lurking in the forest, may not harm him. O Protector of the abandoned! O thou Guide of the deserted! send us home our own dear father!" And the robber heard it all under the high crucifix.

Then the youngest, crossing himself, folding his soft hands demurely, "O thou dear Christ!" lisps he childlike, "Oh, I know Thou art almighty! sitting on the throne of heaven, with the stars all glittering, golden, — as the nurse has told me often; Oh, be gracious, O thou dear Christ! Give the robbers, the rapacious, give them bread and bread in plenty, that they may not need to plunder or to murder our good father. Did I know where lived a robber, I would give this little chainlet, give to him this cross and girdle, saying, 'O thou dear, dear robber, take this chain, this cross, and girdle, that you may not need to plunder or to murder our good father.'" And the robber hears it all under the high crucifix.

From afar he hears approaching, snorting steeds and wheels swift rolling. Slowly then he takes his rifle, slowly does he seize his sabre, and he stands there deeply thinking, under the high crucifix. And the children still are kneeling: "O thou Guide of the deserted! O thou Guardian of the wanderer! send us home our own dear father!" And the father came home riding all in safety, unendangered, clasped his children to his bosom, — happy stammerings! kisses sweet!

Only the bare sabre found they, found the heavy rifle loaded; both had fallen from his hands, under the high crucifix.

PAUL VENAREZ.*(Anonymous.)*

PAUL VENAREZ heard them say, in the frontier town one day,
That a band of Red Plume's warriors was upon the trail of
death ;

Heard them tell of murder done, — three men killed at Rocky
Run.

"They're in danger up at Crawford's," said Venarez, under
breath.

Crawford's, thirty miles away, was a settlement that lay
In a green and pleasant valley of that mighty wilderness.
Half a score of homes were there, and in one a maiden fair
Held the heart of Paul Venarez, — Paul Venarez' little Bess.

So no wonder he grew pale, when he heard the settler's tale
Of the men he had seen murdered yesterday at Rocky Run ;
"Not a soul will dream," he said, "of the danger that's ahead.
By my love for little Bessie, I must see that something's
done !"

Not a moment he delayed when his brave resolve was made ;
"Why, my man," his comrades told him, when they knew his
daring plan,

"You are going straight to death !" but he answered, "Save
your breath ;

I may fail to get to Crawford's, but I'll do the best I can !"

O'er the forest's trail he sped, and his thoughts flew on ahead
To the little band at Crawford's, thinking not of danger near ;
Oh ! God help me save !" cried he, "little Bess !" and fast
and free,

Trusty Nell bore on the hero of the far-away frontier.

Low and lower sank the sun. He drew rein at Rocky Run ;
"Here these men met death, my Nellie," and he stroked his
horse's mane ;

"So we will go on to warn, ere the breaking of the morn ;
If we fail, God help us, Nellie !" and he gave his horse the
rein.

Sharp and keen a rifle shot woke the echoes of the spot ;
"Oh, my Nellie, I am wounded !" cried Venarez, with a moan ;
And the warm blood from his side spurted out in a red tide,
And he trembled in the saddle, and his face had ashy grown.

"I will save them yet!" he cried; "Bessie Lee shall know I died
For her sake"; and then he halted in the shelter of a hill.
From his buckskin shirt he took with weak hands a little
book,
And he tore a blank leaf from it. "This," said he, "shall be
my will!"

From a branch a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak
In the red blood that was dripping from the wound below the
heart;
"Rouse," he wrote, "before too late! Red Plume's warriors
lie in wait!
Good-by, Bess, God bless you always!" Then he felt the
warm tears start;
Then he made the message fast, — love's first letter, and its
last, —
To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white with
pain;
"Bear my message, if not me, safe to little Bess," said he,
Then he leaned down in the saddle, and clutched hard the
sweaty mane.
Just at dusk a horse of brown, flecked with foam came panting
down
To the settlement at Crawford's, and she stopped at Bessie's
door;
But her rider seemed asleep; ah! his slumber was so deep,
Bessie's voice could never wake him, if she called forevermore.

You will hear the story told by the young and by the old,
In the settlement at Crawford's, of the night when Red Plume
came;
Of the sharp and bloody fight; how the chief fell; and the
flight
Of the panic-stricken warriors. Then they speak Venarez'
name
In an awed and reverent way, as men utter, "Let us pray!"
As we speak the names of heroes thinking how they lived and
died;
So his memory is kept green, while his face and heaven
between
Grow the flowers Bessie planted ere they laid her by his side.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie
dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay;
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and faded by my side;

In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, the ship was as still as she could be; her sails from heaven received no motion, her keel was steady in the ocean. Without either sign or sound of their shock, the waves flowed over Inchcape rock; so little they rose, so little they fell, they did not move the Inchcape bell. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock; on a buoy, in the storm it floated and swung, and over the waves its warning rung. When the rock was hidden by surges' swell, the mariners heard the warning bell, and then they knew the perilous rock, and blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, all things were joyful in that day; the sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round, and there was joyance in their sound. The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen, a darker speck on the ocean green. Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck, and he fixed his eye on a darker speck. He felt the cheering power of spring; it made him whistle, it made him sing; his heart was mirthful to excess, but the Rover's mirth was wickedness. His eye was on the Inchcape float; quoth he, "My men, get out the boat and row me to the Inchcape rock, and I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok!"

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row, and to the

Inchcape rock they go; Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, and he cut the bell from the Inchcape float. Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound, the bubbles rose and burst around. Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock, won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok." Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away, he scoured the seas for many a day, and now grown rich with plundered store, he steers his course for Scotland's shore. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky, they cannot see the sun on high. The wind hath blown a gale all day, at evening it hath died away. On the deck, the Rover takes his stand; so dark it is they see no land. Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon, for there is the dawn of the rising moon."—"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar, for methinks we should be near the shore; now where we are I cannot tell, but I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell!"

They hear no sound, the swell is strong; though the wind hath fallen, they drift along, till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock; cried they, "It is the Inchcape rock!" Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair, he curst himself in his despair. The waves rushed in on every side, the ship is sinking beneath the tide. But even in his dying fear, one dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—a sound as if with the Inchcape bell, the fiends below were ringing his knell!

LANGLEY LANE.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IN all the land range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?

Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors' buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall;
And up above, the still blue sky,
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by;
I seem to be able to see it all.

For now, in summer, I take my chair
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near.
And Fannie, who lives just over the way,
Comes running, many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
And I smile, and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak;
For Fannie is dumb, and I am blind!

Fannie is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear;
And I am older by summers three;
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash, or the milkman's call;
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers, that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by
With its cool splash-splash, down the dusty row;
And the little one, close by my side, perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine.
And I hear, though I cannot look; and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see;
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue
When it stirs on my palm for love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,

That I only hear as they pass around ;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sound !

Why, I know her face, though I am blind !
I made it of music, long ago, —
Strange, large eyes and dark hair twined
Round th' pensive light of a brow of snow.
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music on my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray, just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fannie and Langley Lane.
Though Fannie, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, and the hum of the street.
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane !
There is always something sweet to hear !
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fannie my little one always near !
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fannie, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then ? since we hold one another so dear !
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear !
And the pleasure that only one can see !

THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

BRING, novelist, your note-book ! bring, dramatist, your pen !
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.

It's only a tale of a lifeboat, of the dying and the dead,
Of the terrible storm and shipwreck that happened off Mumbles Head!

Maybe you've travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;

Maybe you're friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth;

It happens no doubt that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,

And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well, it isn't like that in winter, when the lighthouse stands alone

In the teeth of Atlantic breakers that foam on its face of stone;
It was n't like that when the hurricane blew, and the storm-bell tolled, or when

There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launched, and a desperate cry for men.

When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!

Proud to the bone of four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea.

Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about that coast, 't was said,

Had saved some hundred lives apiece — at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launched the lifeboat in the teeth of the tempest's roar,

And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.

Out to the wreck went the father; out to the wreck went the sons;

Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns;
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love,

Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!

Do you murmur a prayer, my brother, when cosey and safe in bed,

For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?

It did n't go well with the lifeboat; 't was a terrible storm that blew!

It snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;

And then the anchor parted — 't was a tussle to keep afloat,
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave
old boat.

Then at last on the poor doomed lifeboat a wave broke mountains high,

"God help us now!" said the father; "it's over, my lads,
good-by!"

Half the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the
angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure, — a fighting form;
It might be a gray-haired father, and the women held their
breath;

It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with
death;

It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the
sea in ships.

They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the
worst, and more;

Then, kissing each other, these women went from the light-
house straight to the shore.

There by the rocks, by the breakers, these sisters, hand in
hand,

Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach
the land.

'T was only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women a struggling man to save?

What are a couple of women? Well, more than three craven
men

Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir,
— and then,

Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn
and rent,

Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea
they went!

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse keeper, "for God's sake,
girls, come back!"

As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the
fierce attack.

"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother, as she stood by the angry sea;

"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me!"

"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale;

"You will drown if you face the breakers, you will fall if you brave the gale."

"Come back we will not!" said the girls, "go tell it to all the town,

We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown."

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!

Just follow me brave to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!

Wait for the next wave, darling; only a minute more, And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him to the shore."

Up to the arms in water, fighting it breast to breast, They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless them! you know the rest.

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed, And many blessings asked for "the women of Mumbles Head!"

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

NOT long ago I wandered near a playground in the wood, And there heard words from a youngster's lips that I'd never quite understood;

"Now let the old cat die!" he laughed, I saw him give a push, Then scamper away as he espied my face peep over a bush.

But what he pushed or where he went I could not well make out

On account of a thicket of bending boughs that bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat, or hung it upon a limb And left it to die all alone!" I said, "but I'll play the mischief with him."

I found my way through the boughs, the poor old cat to seek,
And what did I find but a swinging child with her bright hair
brushing her cheek;
Her bright hair floated to and fro, her little red dress flashed by,
But the loveliest thing of all, I thought, was the gleam of her
laughing eye.

Swinging and swinging back and forth, with the rose-light in
her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one, and the forest her
native place.

"Steady I'll send you up, my child!" but she stopped me
with a cry, —

"Go 'way! go 'way! don't touch me, please; I'm letting the
old cat die!"

"You're letting him die?" I cried aghast; "why where's the
cat, my dear?"

And lo! the laugh that filled the woods was a thing for the
birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know?" said the little maid, the sparkling,
beautiful elf,

"That we call it 'letting the old cat die' when the swing stops
all of itself?"

Then swinging and swinging and looking back with the merri-
est look in her eye,

She bade me, "Good-by," and I left her alone, "letting the old
cat die!"

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

A LITTLE child, a little meek-faced, quiet, village
child, sat singing by her cottage door at eve, a low,
sweet Sabbath song. No human ear caught the
faint melody; no human eye beheld the upturned
aspect, or the smile that wreathed her innocent lips
the while they breathed the oft-repeated burden of
the hymn, — "Praise God! praise God!"

A seraph by the throne in the full glory stood;
with eager hand he smote the golden harp-strings,

till a flood of harmony on the celestial air welled forth, unceasing. There with a great voice he sang the "Holy, holy evermore, Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts thrilled with the rapture; and the hierarchies, angel and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned with vehement adoration. Higher yet rose the majestic anthem without pause, higher, with rich magnificence of sound, to its full strength; and still the infinite heavens rang with the "Holy, holy evermore!" till trembling with excess of awe and love, each sceptred spirit sank before the throne, with a mute hallelujah.

But even then, while the ecstatic song was at its height, stole in an alien voice — a voice that seemed to float, float upward from some world afar — a meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet! that blended with the spirit's rushing strain, even as a fountain's music with the roll of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles lit up the beauty of each angel's face at that new utterance; smiles of joy that grew more joyous yet, as ever and anon was heard the simple burden of the hymn, — "Praise God! praise God!"

And when the seraph's song had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre silence hung brooding; when the eternal courts rang with the echoes of his chant sublime, still, through the abysmal space, that wandering voice came floating upward from its world afar, still murmured sweet on the celestial air, — "Praise God! praise God!"



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